

"When I pray..."

The Gateway

"I get answers." — Pat Robertson

Wednesday March 29, 1989

The University of Alberta Students' Newspaper Since 1910

University opens doors to WCT drop-outs

by Lisa Hall

The University of Alberta's Registrar's office yesterday sent 3,900 letters to former students who are eligible to return to the U of A because of the discontinuation of the writing competence requirement.

Students previously had an allotted time to pass the writing competence test or they were not allowed to continue their University studies. They could not come back to the U of A until the requirement was met.

Now, however, students will be allowed to return without passing the WCT, as the requirement was waived at a General Faculties Council meeting on March 20.

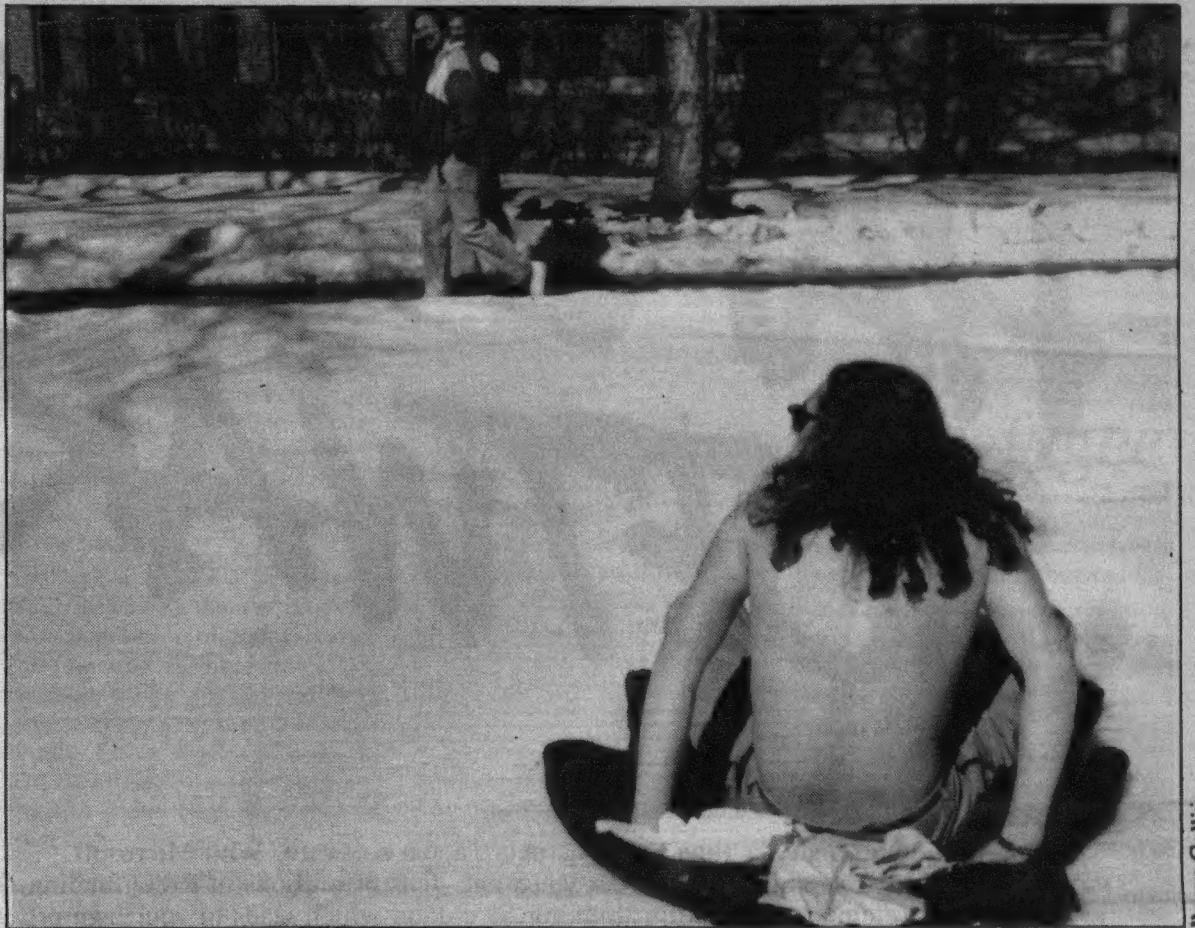
The number of potential returnees may seem staggering, said Registrar Brian Silzer, but he doubts that a large percentage of the 3,900 students eligible will come back.

"Some will definitely return," said Silzer. "But many of the students were required to withdraw for other reasons as well, such as having academic problems." Other students may have simply left the University before passing the WCT and have gone on to other things.

The students who are most likely to return are those who recently left the University, and haven't had a change in education plans.

The letters state that the University is not continuing with its writing competence requirement and explains how students can re-register if they so desire.

"The letter assumes that the students don't have any other problems to prevent them from returning," said Silzer. Students could also be on academic probation, and unable to continue their studies until after the probation period.



Byron Collins

Tan time

Spring has sprung for this brave student who wanted to get a head start on his summer tan. It's not spring yet however, judging by the recent spate of cold weather we've experienced lately.

Student refugee to make new start at U of A

by Mario Trono

Yohannes Merasha Nega, a student refugee from Sudan, has finally arrived at the University of Alberta.

Both the World University Service (WUSC) and the SU executive have eagerly awaited his arrival since U of A students agreed last year to contribute 50 cents from their students' union fees to support a refugee student.

This 27-year old student of engineering will find that his turbulent past differs significantly from most of his fellow students.

He has some tales to tell.

In his native Gondar, Ethiopia, Nega's politically aware family suffered through the passing of the old feudal society, and the rise of an autocratic regime. His brother was killed in anti-government activities.

When the opportunity arose for a number of Ethiopians to be trained as engineers in India, Nega applied and got his chance to leave.

Upon graduating in India with a Bachelor of Engineering, he returned to Ethiopia, unlike many

of his friends.

"I had such a great desire to serve my country, but my job upon returning was too politically sensitive and I was being misinterpreted. I had to resign after a year and a half."

The situation in Ethiopia became intolerable for Nega and he was forced to leave Gondar and live in the Sudan. It was there that he applied to the WUSC program.

"My first priority at the time was to save my life," recalls Nega.

"But my decision on where to go was affected by the knowledge that I must be able to contribute something upon my return to Ethiopia. If I cannot work there, perhaps then a neighbouring country like the Sudan."

But at first it appeared Nega's chances of leaving the Sudan for Canada were slim to none. In October of 1988, the Sudanese government issued directives that no refugees would be allowed to leave the Sudan, but Nega was extremely fortunate.

"If you are a high-up official in that government, you can take your own stand on things. After months of visiting an official's office each day, one (such) official saw no trouble with my obtaining

REFUGEE — p 3



Colin Norbeck

Rob Kassian, fine art grad, tries to make a judgement in the Fine Art Gallery. It's all in the eye of the beholder.

Amnesty speaks out for human rights

by Brian Crowley

Over 200 people filed into SUB Theatre last Wednesday for a presentation on the work of Amnesty International.

Roger Clark, the Secretary-General for the English-Canadian section of Amnesty, combined a matter-of-fact speech on the role of Amnesty in human rights abuses, with an illuminating film on world-wide abuses of human rights.

Clark was very positive about Amnesty's campaign to fight human rights abuses, and cited the "Human Rights Now!" tour as a windfall in the area of

awareness. The tour, which included performers Peter Gabriel, Bruce Springsteen, Sting, Youssouf N'Dour, and Tracy Chapman, broke new ground in a number of areas, including South America and Budapest, Hungary.

"Amnesty's name is better known around the world (because of the tour)," said Clark. "You rarely have to explain Amnesty to anyone any longer. The fact that I was asked to come and talk here is a reflection of that."

Clark pointed out some of the enormous sacrifices that are being made by many people around the

AMNESTY — p 3

INSIDE

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The Lover on stage: guilt, sex, cocoa. p 8

Arts

Our Literary Supplement — works by your peers. Pullout pp 9-16.

The way we were...

Co-eds on this campus — the goodlooking ones, that is — consider themselves the epitome of womanhood.

During the process of ostensibly becoming educated, when in reality she is trying to acquire a future "meal ticket," the co-ed, by her second year, acquires a thin veneer of sophistication and intellectuality. Consequently, most co-eds have the personality of a wet dishrag.

Look girls. The guy you marry isn't interested in how sophisticat-

ed you are, but in other things. So smarten up. Maybe the guy you go out with tonight will not ultimately become your husband, but for God's sake at least let him enjoy himself, or he may become, as I did, disaffected with University women.

Name withheld
reprinted from The Gateway
letters section November 11, 1960.

Well, at least we know that there is one real man left on this campus, someone who can actual-

ly see through the inch-thick muck my Max Factor or Relena Hubenstein and see what a good many of the girls on campus really are (this does not mean all the girls): husband hunters!

What gives with the rest of you fellows anyway? What had happened to the real man who didn't melt at the sight of a pair of eyes laden with mascara and eyeshadow? You guys don't even seem to have to be challenged. You just fall one by one like dumb bunnies into a pit. How about

showing a little fight; why don't you do some of the chasing? You all have about as much spine as a bottle of perfume.

How many of you have sat in the coffee room of the library and really seen what comes through that door? A sweet, sophisticated young thing? Uh, uh honey, you're blind: it's a claw, a left-hand claw with fourth finger daintily outstretched. What do the owners of the claws discuss? The guy in the green sweater sitting at the table to the right and "give me a week to wear down his resistance."

A week later, guess who comes through the door triumphantly leading the guy in the green sweater on an invisible chain? If you're getting any wiser, fellows, by now you'll have guessed that it's "The Claw."

And if you really want to see how well-organized operators work, take a couple of books to the main circulation library upstairs and seat yourself. There, one may see Miss Co-ed, a major in manhunting and a minor in English or Psychology, table-hopping from one fraternity man to fraternity brother (and the shape of the pin doesn't matter, fellows, one is as good as the other).

Now that there is talk of closing the smoking room, panic will likely set in. A new place of operation will have to be established or else the main circulation library may become a battleground for an increasing number of competing females. It's up to you guys. It's your chance to prove whether you are real men or just a bunch of easy knock-overs.

Let the girls again be ladies and you boys be men.

A traitor of girls
reprinted from The Gateway
letters section December 15, 1961.

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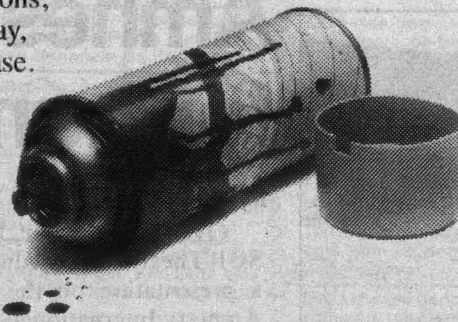
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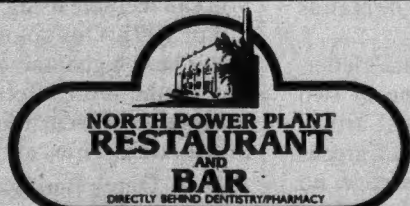
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★ "HECK OF A DEAL" ★

Amnesty speech

continued from p 1

world. "There are some incredibly brave, courageous people in places like Honduras and Salvador and Guatemala that we know quite well... their lives are daily in jeopardy. There are people that I've met, that I expect any day to hear that they're dead."

Canada plays an important role in granting asylum to refugees, but Clark notes that some changes in the bureaucratic system dealing with these cases are having disastrous effects.

"Canada is putting into place a system of deciding whether refugees are genuine or not, but they themselves admit they have to train these people."

"Meanwhile, genuine refugees, who often face death or torture upon return to their country could easily slip through the cracks. "It's already happening," said Clark, adding "more care needs to be paid."

Clark also had a message to students calling them a "part of a new generation of Amnesty, not just because they're young, but because of the sort of awareness that is around on campuses generally. There is a lot of concern for social issues... and international human rights is at the heart of that."

Clark is encouraged by the recent growth in the number of Amnesty student groups in Canada, including a group at the U of A. "I think it's a guarantee for the future."



Kevin Law

Fly away and be free! The Undergrad Chemical Students' Association held a paper airplane contest from off the 4th floor of the Chem. Building. This fellow is entered in either the artistic or kamikaze category, we're not sure which.

New sights for refugee

continued from p 1

One of Nega's favourite aspects of Canadian society so far is the stability. "Everything here is defined by law, and I know just where I stand. Over there, you can never know where they (the authorities) will stand tomorrow."

Nega's tuition and living expenses will be paid for during his first year at the U of A, the main period of adjustment. After that he intends to work while going to school. "I very much wish to thank WUSC, the U of A, and every student who gave me a chance to come here. I am very grateful."

an exit visa as I intended to return to the country and contribute."

Nega finally arrived in Edmonton on February 10 of this year. The WUSC people and members of the Ethiopian community have been assisting him in adjusting to his new surroundings.

"I am getting used to the weather and have been to West Edmonton Mall. I was surprised at some of the prices," said Nega. "I do not like the concrete jungle, but I have been just outside of Edmonton to Saber Lake and I found that very interesting."



The Gateway has selected a new Editor-in-Chief for next year.

Randal Smathers was chosen by a selection committee of his peers last Tuesday. Much hand wringing and soul searching ensued during the committee's deliberations. Smathers won anyway.

Born in British Columbia, Smathers has resided in Edmonton for the last nine years. He is currently enrolled in the U of A Arts department as an English major. Because of his numerous supposed high marks in his studies, Smathers has recently subscribed to the famous Merv Griffin "big head" theory, in this case, his enlarged ego.

"I hope we don't take ourselves too seriously next year," said Smathers, who is well known around the office for receiving a nine on a Shakespeare course.

Randal has been with The Gateway for three years, two as a volunteer and this past year as production manager, and all kidding aside, The Gateway congratulates Randal and wishes him well next year.

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DIAMOND BACK
RATTLE THE COMPETITION

Opinion

Kevin Law

Take a number



Be a number; come to the U of A.

A recent lecture by my sociology professor made me contemplate the dubious virtues of a large university. One of the most important aspects of any large institution is the socializing environment it creates for the people it is designed for.

The question for enquiring minds then, is what kind of socializing environment exists at the U of A? Close consideration reveals that the University is about as conducive to social interaction as a waiting room at a doctor's office. Indeed, this analogy is more comparatively correct than one might think. A medical waiting room is full of people with specific problems waiting for specific treatment, and, with few exceptions, a waiting patient has little need or desire to interact with those around him. Only one thing is on his or her mind: leaving as quickly as possible.

The U of A itself suffers from "waiting room" syndrome. With some exceptions (the Arts faculty first comes to mind), most faculties engage in specialized training for specific fields.

While the University has on-campus residences, it is basically a commuter school — few live on campus. Students can come to classes and then go home without having to talk to anyone, and while there are many clubs and activities begging for involvement, the whole un-family like atmosphere does little to inspire student body cohesiveness. Witness poor voter turnout at Students' Union elections, or, even worse, the tenuous, almost non-existent alumni loyalty to the U of A. Some consider the Alumni Association and its fund raising efforts a joke because alumni feel no attachment to the old alma mater.

As well, faculty departmentalizing has led to less emphasis on teaching effectiveness. Instead, research has become most important to competitive professors rather than creative, personal teaching methods.

The recent downward spiral of education funds will probably continue. In light of this fact, perhaps the question the University administration should be asking itself (unpopular as it may be) is should the U of A get smaller instead of bigger. For my money, a more liberal arts, interpersonal skills, teaching effectiveness oriented approach beats departmentalization.

Jobs are important of course, but so are people. Unfortunately, it is unlikely anything will change in the near future, if ever. So take a number and wait.

The Gateway

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CONTRIBUTORS

JO-ANNE JAIT, RACHEL SANDERS, PAM HNYTKA, LISA HALL, RON KUPERS, OSCAR STRELKOV, JIM KNUTSEN, ROSS GRAY, CHAD ORYDZUK, TIM TERRY, DOUG JOHNSON, JASON BODNAR, KISA MORTENSON, JENNIFER VOLRATH, RODNEY GITZEL, TERESA PIRES, CATHY DUONG, NAOMI MCILWRAITH, IAN ISTVANFFY, MARIO TRONO, BRIAN CROWLEY, RON SEARS, BYRON COLLINS, HEIDI MCFADYEN, COLIN NORTHOTT, NOT ROB GALBRAITH, CARL LEGGO, BONNIE BISHOP, MARY HOWES, NEIL SCOTTEN, LARISSA KLEIN, CHRIS RAYE, YIN LIN, LISA EISENBEIS.

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Letters

The Gateway welcomes letters to the editor.

The name, faculty and year of study of the writer must be included for publication. The writer's phone number and University of Alberta I.D. number must also be provided, but will remain confidential.

Letters should be double-spaced, and typed if possible. They must not exceed 300 words.

The Gateway reserves the right to edit for length or clarity. Material of a racist, sexist, homophobic, or libellous nature will not be published.

Please submit letters to Room 282, SUB.

Services essential to troubled students

Re: Counselling alternatives (Mar. 14)

I would like to add my support to the message in the letter to *The Gateway* from the people associated with Student Help, bringing attention to Student Help as a counselling alternative on this campus. There is no doubt that the resources of Student Help, of the Chaplains' Association, and of many others have, and continue to offer very significant services to troubled students.

A. Vander Well, Director and Staff of Student Counselling Services

Mudslinging mistaken

By the time this letter is published, the SU election will be over; therefore, the purpose of this letter is not to sway voters, but to comment on the letters that appeared in the March 9 edition of *The Gateway*. I, having submitted a letter

regarding the behavior of the Representative slate during the election campaign, felt that the comments of a lot of the letters were unjust. I would like to state that my letter was written on my own accord. I cannot speak for the others who wrote in about the Rep. slate, but mine was definitely not solicited by a candidate as Mr. B. Posner's and M. Goel's letter directly accused it as being the case. It was written because the Rep. slate's classroom presentation provoked a strong enough negative feeling for me to consider it necessary to do something about it. I used the singular form of presentation because I was only visited once by the Rep. slate, and from the comments of my friends I do not believe that the so-called "mudslinging" was an isolated case as Mr. S. Henderson's letter implied. Also, if Mr. J. Hicks, can read more carefully he would know that not all the students who spoke out against the Rep. slate were Arts students, since I, for one, am in the Faculty of Science. My point is that the students whom I have mentioned and maybe others are guilty of overgeneralization; the situation does not apply to everyone, if to anyone at all.

Ann Kwan
Science III

Greenhouse problem serious

Re: Greenhouse effect demands research (Mar. 21)

In response to Dr. Schwarz's letter, I would like to clarify one or two points regarding the original article and quotations about the "greenhouse" effect. To my knowledge, no group or individual at U of A is involved in research which is attempting to predict the climatological changes resulting from increased at-

mospheric CO₂. I did not intend to imply that there was no research being carried out with respect to possible consequences in other areas, as the result of the predicted global warming.

The choice of the word "thinking" in the description of the need to examine economic, social, and ecological effects should be attributed to the writer of the article, who generally has paraphrased a number of points made during an interview. I agree entirely with Dr. Schwarz that research is needed in these areas. I myself am involved in research which examines aspects of the possible impact on permafrost conditions in arctic areas. The problem is indeed a serious one, with many possible effects on life as we know it.

David Halliwell
Assistant Professor
Dept. of Geography

Coloured condoms not expired

Re: Coloured condoms expired (March 21)

I am writing this letter to clarify the possible misunderstandings caused by the date printed on some of the condoms that were distributed during Health Week. The printed date, 2/11/88 (day, month, year) does not indicate expiry date, but rather the date of manufacture. Therefore, with a condom shelf-life of three years, you can feel safe using them until the fall of 1991. Our coloured condoms are of very high quality, and they are one of the most effective means of helping to prevent the transmission of the AIDS-virus, and other STDs.

Derek Borowka, Science IV
Peer Education on AIDS
Univ. Health Services
Sherrill Berg
Health Ed. Coordinator

Wallyball a blob killer

by Kisa Mortenson

Around spring, any student knows the signs of spring fever. Some of us discover true love. Some of us want a change of pace and cut our hair. Some of us, on the other hand, just need to get some exercise.

Easter weekend came and went and so did all the chocolate, the jelly beans, and every other sugared, commercialized piece of Easter candy right through my mouth.

Feeling like a blob of sugar-laced jello, I decided to get some exercise.

My brother, Crash, was organizing a game of wallyball and needed a player. The perfect opportunity was now at hand.

Five of us entered the court.

Being a blob and a sports illiterate, I had no idea what wallyball was. We were standing in a modified racquetball court with a net dividing the court in half and a large, blue ball — which turned out to be a **HARD**, large, blue ball. We were playing volleyball in a racquetball court! I knew Crash had hit his head one too many times but this was ridiculous...

And so the games began... Crash's friend, Iworshipeinstein, who is in honors physics, seemed to apply his physics logic to his every move. Knowing little about physics, I fell victim to the law of "let's kill the artsy." I was amazed at how many times a ball could be projected and

bounced off a wall to hit my face. I thought I was going to lose my nose or my lips. Luckily, I can't smell a thing because I have so many allergies, and I don't have a boyfriend to give good night kisses to. Phew!

Crash lived up to his name. Every time I played on his side of the court he ran into and over me. The epitome of his performance was his decision to spike my face instead of the ball and then step on the only right foot I have. Brothers — I love 'em...

After an hour and half of who-needs-another-artsy wallyball, we left the court. No longer was I a blob. I was dead.

Wallyball: the number one killer of blobby arts students today. A do or die sport. So don't!



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Foaming over soaps

by Dragos Ruiu

Have you ever wondered about the average IQ of soap opera fans?

Well, I know I have. Let's consider it for a second. These people watch shows with the same-plot as last week, day after day. And they enjoy it!

They watch bad actors playing badly scripted characters with swarthy names like Buck, Flint, or Chase. And the female actresses, using that term about as loosely as possible, have names like Cricket, Cassandra, or if they have an appallingly bad fake accent they are called Sue-Ellen-May-Sarah.

The plastic Ken doll males always wear a jacket and no shirt, or a business suit. The plastic Barbie doll females always manage to do housework in full jewelry and an evening gown. Oh, and there is a lot of immaculate sex. Always. It's some kind of unwritten rule that someone has to hop in the sack with someone else (preferably someone already attached) at least once per show. Oddly enough, after these encounters, there isn't so much as one mussed hair.

But these plastic dolls are amazingly fertile. They're always producing little Biff doll babies for the sake of the plot line. And what a plot line.

Since the plot lines are so

stupid, the purveyors of these masterpieces seem to try to compensate by putting 40 plot lines in thirty minutes. "Well, if we throw enough different plots in, they'll be too busy to realize that all of them are stupid."

The thing that really blows me away is their casting. As soon as someone gets bored with "OH, Mark! My love!" lines and quits, they throw in another actor. So what if the original character was female. The people who watch aren't paying attention anyhow, they'll never notice that there's an older brother instead of a younger sister now. They excuse all this by a brief voice over at the beginning... "Felicia will now be played by Sylvester Stallone."

Soap operas; their middle name is realism. They have exciting, realistic events like the girl on the Young and the Restless, who has trouble getting a date so she builds a cage in her living room and locks guys up in it.

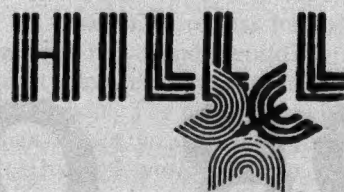
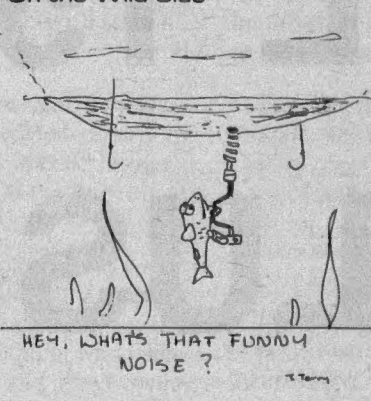
Riiiiight....

So with all this going for them, it's no wonder people tune in to them or worse, tape them

during the day so they can watch them at night. Who knows why... with the amazingly well scripted action it's often tens of episodes before anything significant happens. I even know people who tape more soap operas than they can possibly watch in a day. They then watch most of them in scan mode. You have to pay close attention, or you might miss something. Snicker...

"But I like soap operas — they make me cry," says a friend of mine. Yeah they make me cry too, but probably for a different reason.

On the Wild Side



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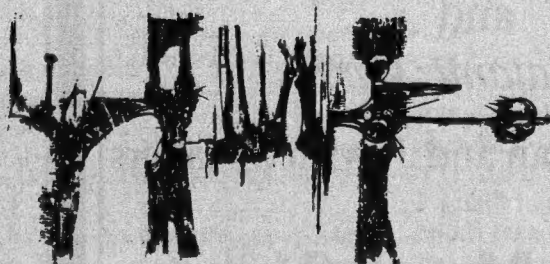
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Arts & Entertainment

Diviners features Drama grads

by Jennifer Vollrath

I recently had the pleasure of talking to two of the actors in Studio Theatre's production of *The Diviners*, Terrilee Shannon and Troy O'Donnell. *The Diviners* is being put on by the graduating BFA Drama class, and directed by an alumnus of the program, Stephen Heatley. It is a contemporary piece written by Jim Leonard Jr. and chosen by the cast to be their final play featuring the graduating class.

The play takes place in the late 1930's in the small town of Zion, Indiana. It centers around the activities of a young boy, Buddy Layman, who has been brain damaged in a drowning accident as a child, and now has the ability to divine water. C.C. Showers, a former preacher, comes to town, befriends Buddy and then tries to help the boy. The townfolk react in different ways to Showers' arrival and his friendship with Buddy, though they only have the best of intentions.

The Diviners is an ensemble play with each character playing an essential role in its development. Norma Hensaw (Shannon) is the owner of a dry goods store and the religious figure in town. She believes that Showers has been sent from God to preach in Zion. C.C. Showers (O'Donnell) is newly arrived in Zion. He has renounced preaching and focuses on his friendship with Buddy. Luella and Basil Bennet are nearby farmers and Goldie Short runs the diner. Part of the reason the play was chosen was because in each character there is something to identify with. The other reason was because it is an ensemble piece with a great sense of community and support in it.

This is the last season for Studio Theatre at Corbett Hall; next season they will move to the SUB theatre. There are two more plays scheduled for this season: *Good*, directed by Brian Taylor, will showcase the designs of MFA graduate Steven Wade and runs May 4-13 and *Benefactors*, directed by Shirley Tooke, runs May 8-17. However, *The Diviners* is the final production showcasing the actors of the graduating class. If you want to see an excellent ensemble cast, in a play that relates to almost everyone, *The Diviners* runs nightly at Corbett Hall from Thursday, March 30 to Saturday, April 8 (except Sunday). Performances start at 8:00 p.m. and there is a matinee April 1 at 2:00 p.m. Tickets are \$5.00 and \$6.00.



Mike Spindloe

Kate Newby has just returned from a stint in Calgary to perform in the Phoenix Theatre's production of *Cold Comfort*.

Newby comes home for some Cold Comfort

interview by Mike Spindloe

For Kate Newby, a 1985 graduate of the U of A's BFA program in Drama, the work has been steady and interesting, but her latest role in a still-young career is a plum. "I've wanted to do this role for five years," she exclaims. "I read it while I was in the BFA program and when I heard the Phoenix was doing it I got in touch with [artistic director] Jim Guedo."

"It" is Canadian playwright Jim Guedo's *Cold Comfort*, a twisted version of the travelling salesman meets farmer's daughter theme opening at the Phoenix at the Kaasa this Friday.

Actually, the farmer's daughter is a tow truck driver's daughter this time around and the setting is a gas station out in the middle of nowhere, Saskatchewan. The time is a spring blizzard and 15-year-old Dolores, Newby's character, is about to encounter the first person she's ever had real contact with apart from her father.

Newby says that "Dolores has had no connection with the outside world. Her father doesn't allow her out; she's never even gone to school. The play deals with what happens when you place a world traveller in Dolores' world. She has the

awakening sexuality of a 15-year-old but she also has the mentality of a 10-year-old."

Dolores is naturally fascinated with Stephen, the travelling salesman, who is played by William Davidson. Her father Floyd is played by Robert Koons. Newby continues: "Dolores doesn't have any normal experiences to draw on. She treats the stranger like a child would, but it's incredibly exciting for her — she's ready to explode with excitement sometimes."

The role is a challenge for Newby even though she coveted it. With only three characters in the play, she says, "that puts a lot of weight on the actors. We have a total of three weeks rehearsal and you always want more, especially with two or three-handers."

The character is also one which is alien to her: "I can't take a lot out of my life for this role because Dolores has had no life experience. The play is set in a naturalistic world, but the situation is unnatural."

Since graduating from the U of A, Newby has been "incredibly busy" with work in Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton. She has just returned from performing in two shows at Calgary's Alberta Theatre Project's Playwrights Festival, which, she explains, "concerns itself with giving Can-

adian works upscale productions that they probably wouldn't receive otherwise. They have corporate financing so that playwrights can have their plays properly produced rather than just workshopped." Of the quality of the plays presented, Newby says "it was good in general although a lot of the scripts still needed work."

Newby recently received a Sterling Award for Best Supporting Actress for her role in Theatre Network's *Mail Order Bride*, which was presented late last season.

She has praise for the U of A's Drama program although "it's not always valuable for everyone — it can hinder some people. School is something that takes a lot of time you really have to want to do it. It's physically and emotionally exhausting." Yet she points out that the U of A's program ranks along with the National Theatre School as one of the top two in Canada and adds that "the students that come out are respected in the field. Directors I talk to think they're very good and very disciplined."

For Newby, the training seems to be paying off. *Cold Comfort* runs at the Kaasa through April 16 and carries a nudity and coarse language warning.

Cadillac of Worms gig features buddha

**Cadillac of Worms/Wickerman/
Rex Morgan B.C.
Phoenix Downtown
Saturday, March 25**

review by Rodney Gitzel

I didn't think that I was going to enjoy this gig, seeing as all day Saturday I felt like I had the flu. Bleh. But when I finally went outside, and the beautiful (really!) weather cured me, I think; or maybe it was seeing Chi Pig and his SNFU toque that made me feel better (I wonder: do they sell SNFU pajamas?).

Anyway, off I went, nice and early, only to find that there was decidedly NOT a rush on the tickets (which was surprising). And then I got inside, only to realize that Forbidden Dimension were not there

turns out the singer, Alistair Hexxx, ex of Color Me Psycho (hurrah!) got strep throat and that Rex Morgan B.C. would be filling-in.

As one would expect, Rex Morgan, with their oddball pop, went over rather lukewarmly with the crowd, who had come expecting an evening of graveyard music ("One Surf'd Over the Cuckoo's Nest" was about as close as the band came to that). The band put on a good show, though, sounding very tight. They went through a whole raft of strange songs, and probably the most well-received was "John Jacob Jingle-Heimer-Schmidt" (anyone who claims to not know the words to that one is LYING!). About all they lacked was a receptive audience.

Back from a hiatus of a few months,

Wickerman (aka Euthanasia beating to yet another drummer) fared better and worse. The crowd loved them, giving them a bigger cheer after their first song than RMBC had received all night. However, the applause was for the band, and not the performance, for the band played a pretty weak set. They were suffering from several things: stiff drumming, a bad mix, and a lack of energy, with the end result being a set that badly lacked cohesion. They played the right notes at the right time, but it just wasn't together. The guitar was sparse and almost non-existent in the mix, leaving the band sounding quite empty (everything falls apart when the soundman gets on stage). It finally took an old Euthanasia tune to pick things up, energy-wise, but it was the second-last song, so they mightn't have bothered. To the band's credit, they

DID do an Edmontonized Pink Floyd cover, namely "Another Shop in the Mall," but it floundered. Good idea, bad execution. Considering the support this band has, they surely have put on better shows than this one!

The evening concluded with Cadillac of Worms, and the Worms get bonus points! Any band whose singer keeps his synth in a coffin-shaped case and sets it up on an ironing board with a brass statuette of himself on it can't be ALL bad! And the Worms weren't (all bad). The set was a little uneven, but generally quite enjoyable. Good, fast songs about necrophilia, bad LSD trips, more necrophilia... nifty things like that. Too bad dancing at one in the morning gave me a headache, or maybe I'd remember more of what they did!

Lover needs more passion

The Lover
Nexus Theatre
though April 8

review by Teresa Pires

"Is your lover coming today?" Richard asks his wife Sarah as he gets ready for a day at the office. "Will he be staying long?" he continues.

Richard (John B. Lowe) and Sarah (Julie Bond) have a bizarre, albeit convenient arrangement in their marriage: Richard spends his afternoons with his whore, "a quick cup of cocoa," while Julie entertains her lover at tea time (to be specific, she entertains him under the tea table) in her husband's home.

Although they do not agree on who was the first to be unfaithful, both Richard and Sarah initially took their respective lovers in an attempt to enliven their passionless, drab marriage.

"Things are beautifully balanced," explains Julie, as she and Richard coldly discuss each other's lovers with what they call "objective curiosity." Richard explains that the whore functions simply as someone who either pleases or displeases; for dignity and sensibility he has his marriage.

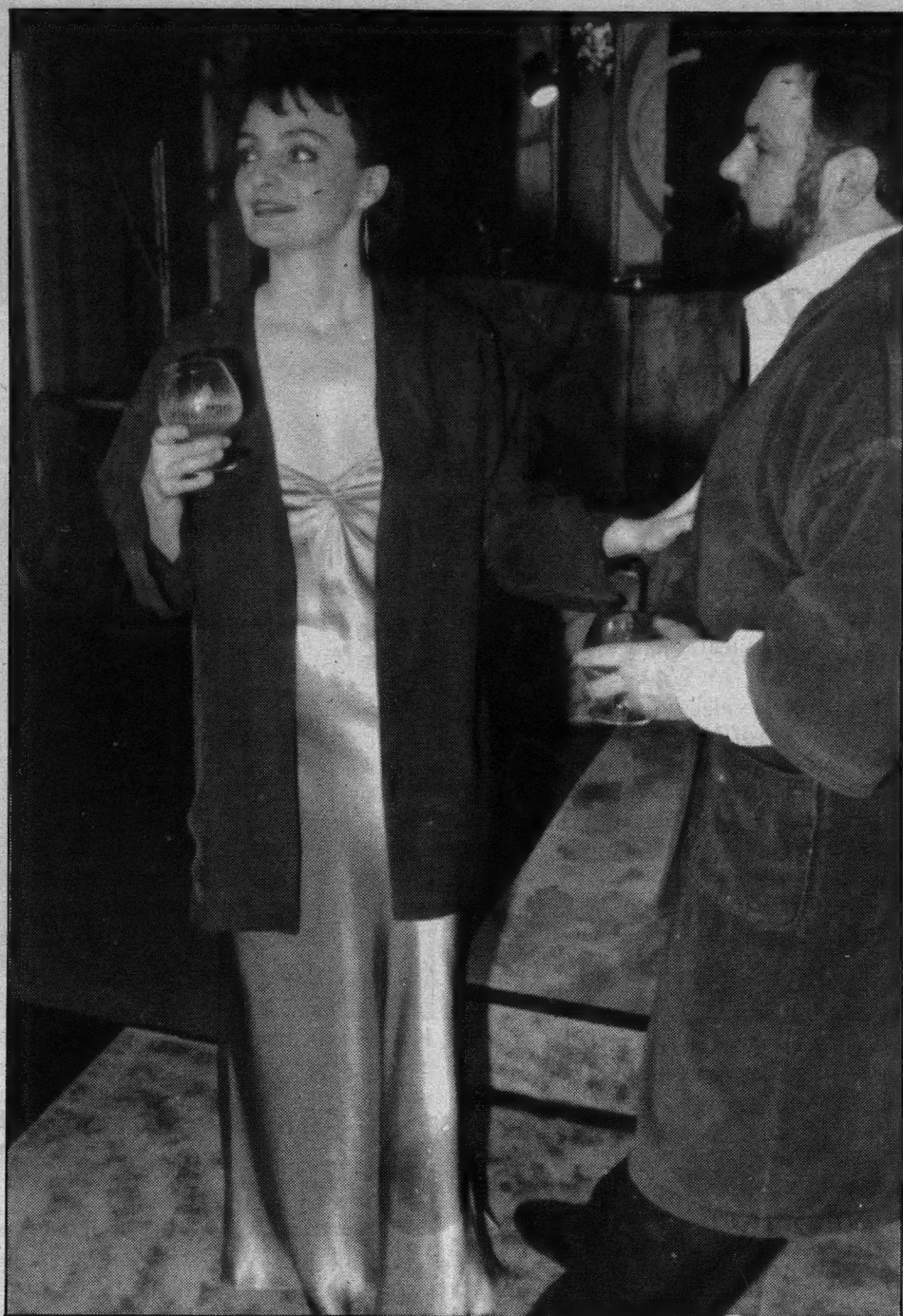
Yet things are not beautifully balanced: Sarah's lover finally feels guilty after making love to another man's wife for years and Richard is dissatisfied with his

whore because she is too bony. As their arrangement crumbles, Sarah and Richard attempt to remain reserved and detached but the hostility that both feel threatens to overcome the couple.

At times humorous, at times tense, and at all times fascinating, *The Lover* has the potential to be a highly successful production. But something just doesn't work. The problem lies (no pun intended) with Julie Bond and John B. Lowe, although there is little to fault in their insightful portrayals of Sarah and Richard. However, there is a problem in their relationship to each other — there are no fireworks between the couple. Of course, that is appropriate when they are playing the reserved, unconcerned couple but when they are in the midst of a potentially sensuous scene, more is expected. Yet, there is nothing. Sure, the words are there, the action is there but the feeling and the intensity are unfortunately missing (with one qualification: Lowe's delivery of the last line in the play was like a physical blow, hitting the audience).

What does work marvelously is the score by composer David Rimmer. The mysterious, chilling notes are more provoking than the sexual exploits that they are supposed to complement. Also noteworthy is the eerie effect of the illuminated aquarium on the darkened set. Both the music and the lighting create a tension that enhances much of the action in the play.

Grant and Lloyd return next Tuesday with their last excellent adventure of the year and the answers to last week's quiz.



Julie Bond and John B. Lowe in Nexus Theatre's production of *The Lover*: their passion belongs to their extramarital lovers.

Colin Northcott

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reveals the story of western civilization from the High Middle Ages to the Renaissance.

Seminars are complemented by planned visits and excursions related to the courses, but there is ample free time to explore on your own.

Cost

Accommodation, meals, excursions, theatre tickets \$1,795
Airfare (approximate, from Edmonton) \$900
Admission fee for new AU students \$25
Course fee \$180
Departs July 2, returns July 22

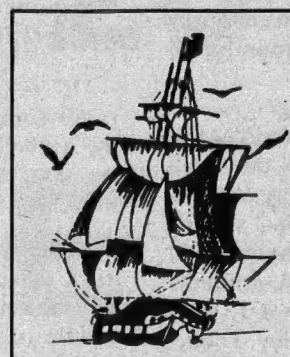
The deadline for applications is Friday, April 28.

For more information or to request an application form, call (403) 675-6210, or write Anne Nothof, Athabasca University, Box 10,000, Athabasca, Alberta T0G 2R0

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The Gateway Literary Supplement

Pull-out
section

A note from the editor

by Mike Spindloe

Welcome to *The Gateway* 1989 literary supplement, featuring all the winners from our annual literary contest. Unlike the literary pages which have been featured in the paper throughout the year, I had nothing to do with the selection of the materials you'll find to enjoy herein. My role was purely organizational and administrative until the winning entries were returned by the judges.

There were approximately 40 short

stories, 80 short poems and 30 long poems submitted this year. This represents a significant decline from the number of poets who entered last year, and I can only hope it's because all those people have found lucrative publishing contracts and thus have no need of entering contests to get their work into print.

I'd like to extend a special round of congratulations to all the winners, and two in particular. First, Carl Leggo, who swept the first prizes in both poetry categories and who was also a double winner last

year (with a short poem and a short story). There must be a few people hoping he graduates soon so someone else can win! However, the entries were judged anonymously as usual, and by a completely different set of judges than last year. I believe Mr. Leggo's repeated success speaks volumes about his talent as a writer. Second, to Neil Scotten, who won first prize in the short story category and also kept me supplied with a steady stream of intriguing and entertaining short stories for the literary page all year. Here, again, is an example of someone practising his craft and succeeding at it.

A number of thank yous are called for, so here goes: U of A President Myer Horowitz for his donation of prize money

for the contestants and honourariums for the judges; the judges themselves: Bonnie Bishop (short poems), Fred Wah (long poems) and Mary Howes (short stories). All of these people volunteered their time (the honourariums were my idea — some of these people are starving artists, too).

Thanks also to Joanne Elliott for a whole bunch of great illustrations, both herein and throughout the year, and to Randal Smathers for layout assistance.

Finally, thanks to all the people who entered. Although I only had time to read a few of the entries other than the winning ones, I was impressed by the general quality of the work. Keep on writing...

Judges comments — Short poems

by Bonnie Bishop

"Poetry is incorrigibly particular..."

The poet's eye sees more than 'the sky is blue'. Further, poetry is not an ability to write a litany of description and adjectives either.

What distinguishes the three winning poems in the short poem category is the success with which the writers were able to deal with a particular and not over-extending/reducing the poem into generalities. To my mind it was also clear that these writers read other poets. As with the other disciplines poetry warrants respect and part of that respect is appreciation and study of the art. It really doesn't matter

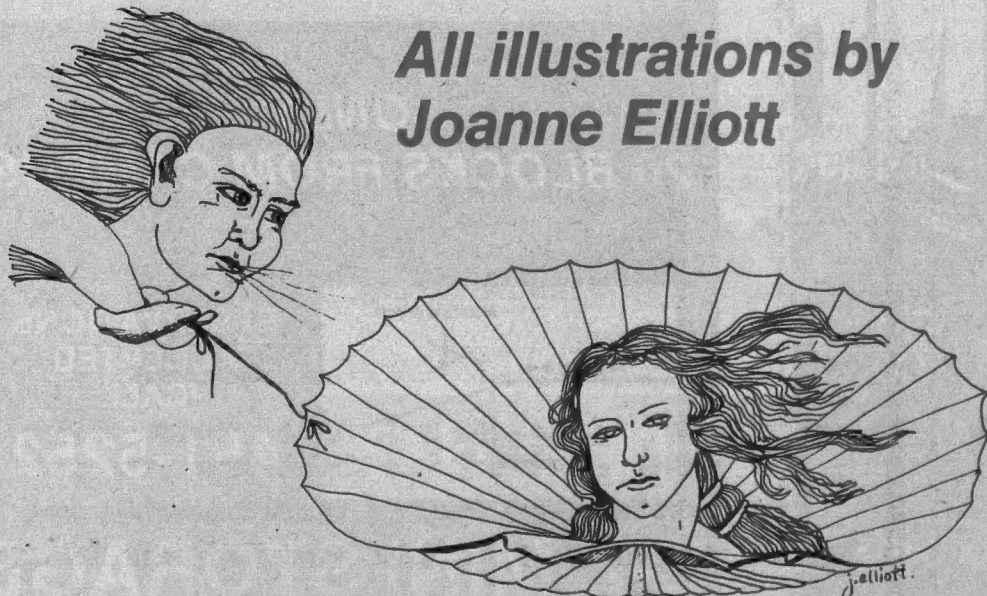
whether or not you agree with modern or traditional poetry because it's all in the way you read it. Though they are important parts, you have to be able to dig deeper than rhyme, cadence and content to get to the tone of a poem. It's an ironic feature of poetry because on reading a poem it's the most obvious element and yet to write it, tone is the most difficult to achieve. It's too easy for tone to become melodramatic, self-pitying, judgmental — I could do on listing other weak evocations of the failed poem but I won't. All I really want to say here is that these poems stood out for me because they were able to see the traps and pitfalls and transcend them and thus stand in the doorway of poetry. Congratulations!

First prize — Short poems

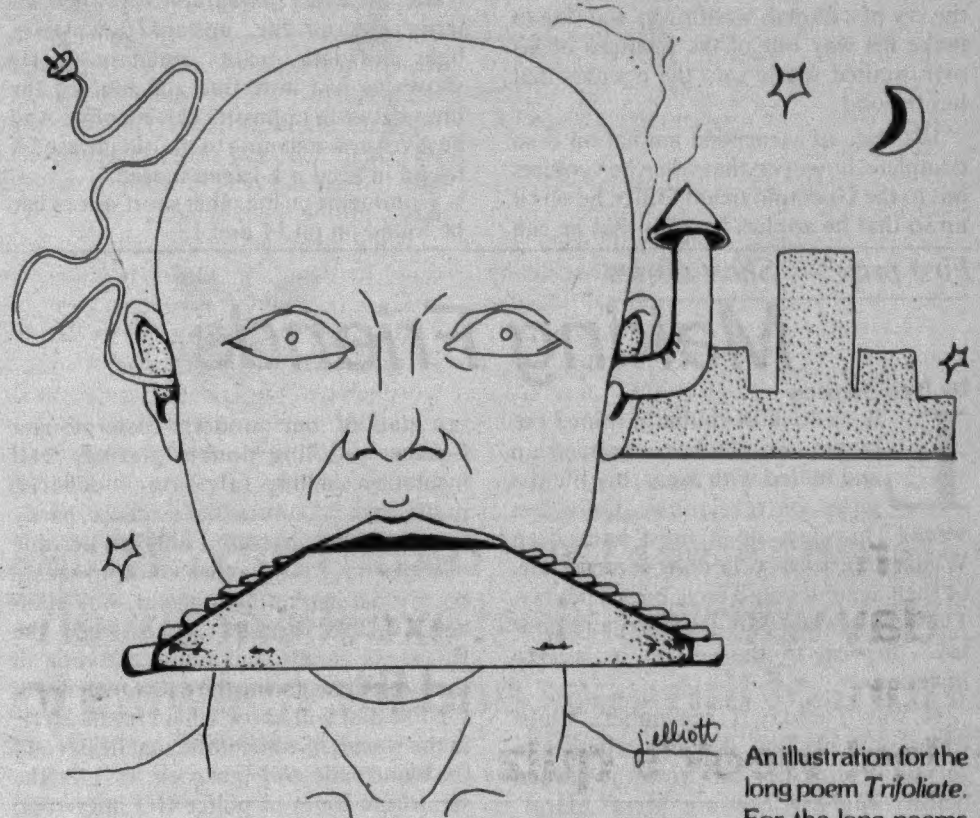
A Coffin and a Chevy

by Carl Leggo

My father bought the '53 Chevy
(maroon and new), drove my brother and me
out of the city along the Trans Canada Highway
to cut a Christmas tree, parked on the shoulder,
left my brother and me, sank into the snow
like quicksand, (my brother, only four, laughing)
before he was swallowed by the trees like darkness
and I was laughing at my brother laughing
and my father waved a hand, his mouth a tight line
and my brother jumped up and down in the back seat
while I pretended to drive away (for help)
but went nowhere and my father didn't come back,
my brother full of fear, no longer laughing,
and the air was thick with chewy toffee,
my father gone, my brother going crazy,
so I grabbed the ice scraper and jabbed holes
in the maroon velvet over me like the inside
of a coffin, no escape, and my father returned,
creature from the snow lagoon, bearing a tree,
a wide grin where the line had been,
and the car was a car, not a coffin.
my father was alive, my brother was laughing,
and my father looked at the neat triangular flags
hanging from the ceiling of his new Chevy,
said nothing, drove back to the city
in a Chevy once more a coffin



All illustrations by
Joanne Elliott



An illustration for the
long poem *Trifoliate*.
For the long poems
see pp 15-16.

Second prize — Short poems

Laws of Planetary Motion

by Yin Lin

The great astronomer upon his chair
Considers entropy, and in the strain
Of fanged quadratics teeming in his brain
He hears the light of morning brush the square,
Extinguishes the light upon the stair
And, going out into the greying rain,
He lifts his head and wonders yet again
How thin the chains of gravity we bear.

Beneath the shattered shadow of the sky
We search the constellations for a face,
Sit waiting for the darkness to reply,
Enclosed within our turning hemispheres
And trapped in the infinity of space
And bound upon the circles of the years.

Third prize — Short poems

Boyle St.

by Lisa Eisenbeis

watch the wind blow
leaves run away

deep into corners
stranded on curbside
caught in girls hair

where they are

pushed
removed

or

cut away

so as not to be seen

Judges comments — Short stories

by Mary Howes
Making Friends — 1st Prize

This haunting tale of urban alienation takes the reader to a bedsitting room in Britain where an unemployed Fine Arts graduate student is having trouble getting out of bed and into life. He watches and listens at a remove, aloof from the goings on outside his room "...bouncing from bed to window to record player to bookcase to bathroom to bed like a ball bearing lost in a maze."

A superb attention to detail so integral to a story where so little action takes place lifts this story out of the ordinary into something quite 'other.' The protagonist watches as "...Mrs. Rossiter tills her garden, rips away the withered lavender to make way for wallflowers" and the reader hears the cry of a human wallflower wanting to make his way out of the confines of his own limited world into the openness that lies beyond.

His state of suspended animation is so complete, however, that when he ventures out to the Unemployment Office he sets it up so that he applies for jobs that he can

never get, thus sending himself scuttling back to the bedsit, to monitor the comings and goings of the postman, the dustbin men, the neighbour with a sick cat. A safe haven, however deadening. It is only when he descends to the "dark room in the basement" that he comes alive. Underground, he meets with Barbara, his friend, who listens to him discuss art and music and the state of the world. Barbara is "...a composite of styles...a dangerous collage..." and the art student is desperate to make her break her vow of silence. This is a most compelling and tightly written short story with a touchingly chilling denouement.

The writer is a lover of language and directs us to pay heed to what happens between the tongue and the ear. His story has dramatic contrasts bombarding the reader in every paragraph...between interior/exterior life, upstairs/downstairs, light and dark, reality and fantasy. He shows us just how fine and blurred the lines between opposites can become. And he gives new meaning to the old phrase "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Comments on the other short stories can be found on pp 11 and 13.

movements and around the top of the hour I had been woken up by a loudening chain of barks from disgruntled neighbourhood dogs. I rest my case.

Torn between sleep and eavesdropping I settled on a compromise, a sort of listening doze arrangement. The conversation centered around Merg. Now, I am never certain about this name for Mrs Rossiter has some kind of accent, maybe Italian or Spanish. Most of the time it sounds like 'Merg' and I incline to think this is short for 'Murgatroyd' but on some days it is nearer 'Morg', but then who would call a cat 'Morgana'? Still, this is the best I can do without entertaining the possibility of 'Morgue'. Out goes the cry at least three times a day, rising, falling, pleading, imperative, like the knocking-off whistle of a coal mine or a blaring fire engine with cockroaches in its sirens.

What I learned was that the cat has bad breath and liver disease, the result of too much dry food at an early age. Only a weekly injection maintains it on the knife edge between life and black pedal-bin liner tossed in a dustbin. Squalid job being a dustman. The tyrannies of domestic refuse: uncapped half-empty bleach containers chuck chloride of lime in your face; get caught by nose at number nine leaping through someone else's dirty books, photographs of fancy tricks to get your kicks at sixty-six; trying to lift a can that won't lift because it's full of ash or bricks or lead piping and finally the nuisance not to mention the shock and putrefying hum of dead cats in bin liners.

So, Mrs Rossiter's cat of ambiguous name has liver disease. Tuesday is usually a bad day for me, something but not very much like Desdemona's divided duty. There is the job centre to consider, then fresh excuses for social security, then the laundry piling up in the corner, this on top of the regular exhaustion of muesli supplies. Anyway, last week, fortified by this piece of tangible information, the fact of the hepatic tribulations of a cat of non-verifiable name, I rose early.

Confident that I had passed through my revelation for the day, that is, the ailing liver of a feline approximately called 'Merg', I settled down with "The Puzzler" and began to solve a few mazes.

"Draw a line to link the Knight with the Damsel."
"Can you help Captain Kirk and the Enterprise out of a black hole?"
"Can you help Mickey find Pluto?"
"Can you connect...?"

I remember I put down my pen and twiddled the radio into FM's more charted regions in search of the Tuesday play. At about 93 KHz I stopped, turned the volume up for a tune I liked: "She comes to me on a summer breeze." For years I had been humming to myself "submarine" instead of "summer breeze," like only a while ago I discovered my favourite TV show as "Candid" and not "Candy Camera." I felt a momentary brotherhood with Andy Warhol, one of my art college heroes, who in "From A to B and Back Again" mistakes "Portraits" for "Pop-Tarts." Why I laughed at this I don't know. At the time I thought Pop-Tarts was a harem of groupies. I am wiser now of course and know they are sort of tarty things you put in a pop-up toaster, although my preference is to eat them straight from the packet.

Let's not get stuck in the past. My top sheet is ripped and my foot is exploring the hole. Perhaps the revelation happened on Monday. Mrs Rossiter and unspecified cat could have advanced their appointment; Tuesday is not play day but the gardening programme.

I will lie here and think some more.

II

Outside, Mrs Rossiter tills her garden, rips away the withered lavender to make way for wallflowers. I watch her often here, behind the window, as she potters backwards and forwards in her faded housecoat, plucking at this and that, disappearing to return with a cup of tea and a fairy cake.

Today I have had to disturb my routine and venture out. A threatening letter from the unemployment benefit people compelled me to pay a visit to the job centre. Full of no-hopers in anoraks as usual, 'Gallini'-boys and lampshades, redundant stockbrokers with hypertension and unemployed social workers in wholefood sweaters.

Slim pickings on the job front, again, as usual. What I am looking for is something

First prize — Short stories

Making Friends

by Neil Scotten

Like a stick of rhubarb, rained on, blown on, plucked, chopped up and boiled with sugar, my life is a series of revelations. Only last week, Thursday, no it must have been Wednesday because the dustbin men came, or then again it could have been Tuesday. Tuesday is when Mrs Rossiter next door takes her cat to the vet for its weekly injection.

It was Tuesday I remember, whilst festering in my bed, deciding whether to get up, hearing her call from the garden below, "Mer-erg. Mer-erg. Merg? Merg!" By canting my head to starboard on the pillow, ear to the open window, about three or four inches of gap, no nearer six because I use a fifteen centimetre rule to prop the sash, I was able to hear Mrs Rossiter conversing with the postman.

That it was the postman and not another,

say one of our modern costermonger figures, peddling double glazing, wall insulation, selling salvation, I deduced partly from circumstantial evidence, partly from intuition. In truth I only got her side of the story, for the other voice, to me an occasional masculine murmur, was blanketed in the passageway between the Rossiter's garage and house. Anyone in the habit of exploring the nether reaches of the FM dial will know what I mean. Here, in the wastes of white noise that lie beyond the bland valleys of light rock, less talk, the stentorian tones of police HQ interrupt, call in vain through the night. "Foxtrot three, proceed to the vicinity of Renoir Crescent. Domestic disturbance at number fifteen. Advise. Over." Then silence. Questions without answers.

I favour the postman theory. The time, 11:22 am, was in keeping with his daily

Canadian Rock History Challenge by Labatt's

Acknowledging the influences of Gary Glitter and The Police, among others, this band began its rapid rise to fame in 1983. The release of a seven song EP, the largest selling in Canadian history, drew the attention of a major record label and with the addition of four new songs, the album "Standing In The Dark" went on to sell double Platinum. With three singles released from that disc, including the title track, the lads garnered a Juno for Best New Group.

In June 1985, the single "Crying Over You" sold Gold in one month and the subsequent album "Alien Shores" sold an astonishing five times Platinum. The Labatt's sponsored Alien Invasion Tour that year was one of the biggest in Canadian History. Other singles released included "Somebody Somewhere" and "Situation Critical." The band was again honored with Juno nominations for Best Group, Best Song and Best Album.

In 1987, Los Angeles was their workplace although they returned to Toronto to finish this, their most recent album. "Contact" was released in 1987, and six singles were released throughout 1987 and 1988 including the title track and a cover of The Ohio Players "Fire."

Researched by D.W. Lawrie

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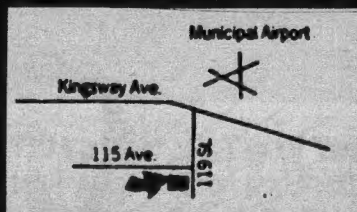


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E-Z MINI STORAGE

to do with film-making, but that, here, is like trying to find a ball bearing on Brighton beach, a white man in Southall, an operative payphone in central London.

Well, I've learnt the trick with the UB40 people is to show willing. As long as you turn up at the job centre every couple of weeks, with all the other bozos and apply for a few things then your fortnightly girocheque is assured. Twenty-nine pounds forty-five pence. Enough to exist, buy a record now and then, a shirt from the Salvation Army, luxuries like corn plasters and occasionally a new toothbrush.

Part two of the trick is to go for jobs that you'll never get. I excelled myself in this field today. Bashed in an application for a "Community Liaison Officer," Lambeth Borough Council. Set yourself up as a bullseye for the darkies. "Hello, here I am. Molotov cocktails and half-bricks this way." Follow the blue lights to the place of execution.

The smarmy graduate behind the desk said, "And how exactly do you think a fine arts degree qualifies you for this responsible position?" Exactly, exactly, it doesn't. You see I've never had a job because I don't want one. Put that in your mortar board and smoke it.

Even better, I worked my way through a five page application for the Diplomatic Service. Filed straight in the bin I should think. Still, as I said before, the trick is to show willing, at least for a couple of hours now and again, then retire to bedsit land and kill time bouncing from bed to window to record-player to bookcase to bathroom to bed, like a ball-bearing lost in a maze.

Mrs. Rossiter has her electric weed-trimmer going. Sounds like a walrus being machine gunned. Well, it's time to consult the record collection. I project an afternoon of oblivion with the headphones on ten. Lose my mind in the subtle strains of "World Class Wrecking Crew," then a dose of "Toddy Tee and Mixt Master Spade," then "Buzzadelic," maybe if I feel like it some "Super Lover Cee and Casanova Rudd," then "Krazy Dee," "Busy Bee," "Easy E," "Ultramagnetic MC's," a change of mood with "Enoch Special K Scratchmaster Fuzzbox," then "MC Cool Rock and MC Chazby," then maybe some "King Tree," "DJ Slice," "JJ Fad," "Ice Cube," "MC Hammer," by which time I'll be ready to savour the chords of "Napalm Death" and "Bolt-Thrower."

III

Well, my peregrinations are slightly more extensive than I have suggested. You see I divide my time between my grotto of rap here and a dark room in the basement that I have claimed as my own.



This is where I meet my friend Barbara. Art, the state of the world, music and Mrs. Rossiter are among the things we discuss, dissect, subject to scrutiny. Our conversations are a smidgen one-sided and tend to go like this:

Me: Well, I've finally decided, difficult choice though it may be, to buy the "MC's of Rap" album rather than the "Sonarphonics" twelve inch. What do you think?

Barbara: (Silence)

Me: That's what I'll do because if I get both then muesli will be out of the question for the week.

Barbara: (Silence)

So it goes on. Sometimes the deep freeze down here switches in and I interpret it as a hum of assent but mostly Barbara is phlegmatic on all subjects. Alcohol and strange pills make her more talkative but my budget does not allow much room for these.

A composite of styles is how I'd describe Barbara, a sort of dangerous collage. A pink silk dress, cream gloves, elbow length, a jaunty black hat, full red lips and to touch off the outfit, an old pair of cardboard 3D glasses.

There she stands, on one leg, arms crossed, clasping a plastic pink flamingo. Barbara seldom moves, though occasionally the brim of her hat flutters in the draft that blasts its way through a gap in the window frame. Some days I ponder over a new project, like if I were to acquire a wardrobe of near reds and greens would I, presumably in three dimensions, be more attractive to her cardboard framed gaze. Would she break her vow of silence?

Mrs. Elphick, my landlady, I have to thank for my friend. Some might call Mrs Elphick a hoarder. The basement here is choc-a-bloc with malfunctioning domestic hardware, like old fridges, their white plastic tinged green with mould, TV sets stripped of their values, trunks full of unwearable clothes, standard lamps, a huge radiogram, Fats Domino records and so on and on.

An old tailor's dummy, dressed in random selections from the Elphick collection with an electric lamp jammed in its neck, draped over with an old curtain, with the appropriate features added, the velvet lips and the alluring red and green gaze beneath someone's old funeral hat. This is Barbara, Barbara my friend.

The Louvre Case — 2nd Prize

The author tells us that this is a story intended for children but as is the case with all good children's stories, it's equally interesting to adult readers.

Something funny is going on in the Louvre. Famous paintings are losing parts of their composition, a jug of wine here, an apple there and coins from the Money-lender's hands. Why is the Mona Lisa looking more radiant than usual? Inspector Jaques Lechercheur has a bundle of clues and as he sorts them all out, the reader is exposed to a whimsical folkloric tale that weaves in and out of the Louvre's galleries, in and out of famous paintings, some of which are alive. This is an amusing mystery romp set in an exotic locale that will fascinate young readers and educate them at the same time. When the characters from famous paintings start talking to the Inspector and the Louvre crew, the story sails up and away into a charming realm.

Second prize — Short stories

The Louvre Case

by Larissa Klein

Note: story is intended for children

One day very early in the morning, the famous French private investigator Jacques Lechercheur found himself in front of a still life painting in the Louvre. While he ordinarily liked to go to the museum as often as possible, today he was there to investigate a case so bizarre that you'd never believe it as long as you live.

With a magnifying glass in hand, Jacques looked at the painting from up close and then from afar, and finally he concluded that a red apple and a bottle of good white wine had been stolen from it. In their place was nothing but the white surface of the canvas. The head curator, who was terribly boggled about all this, looked at Jacques as Jacques looked at the painting. Neither said a word; they were both in fact very worried and the head curator couldn't stop thinking about what would happen when the public would arrive in just two hours. As for Jacques, for the first time in his long career he was totally perplexed, not knowing where to begin. After studying the painting for at least a quarter of an hour,

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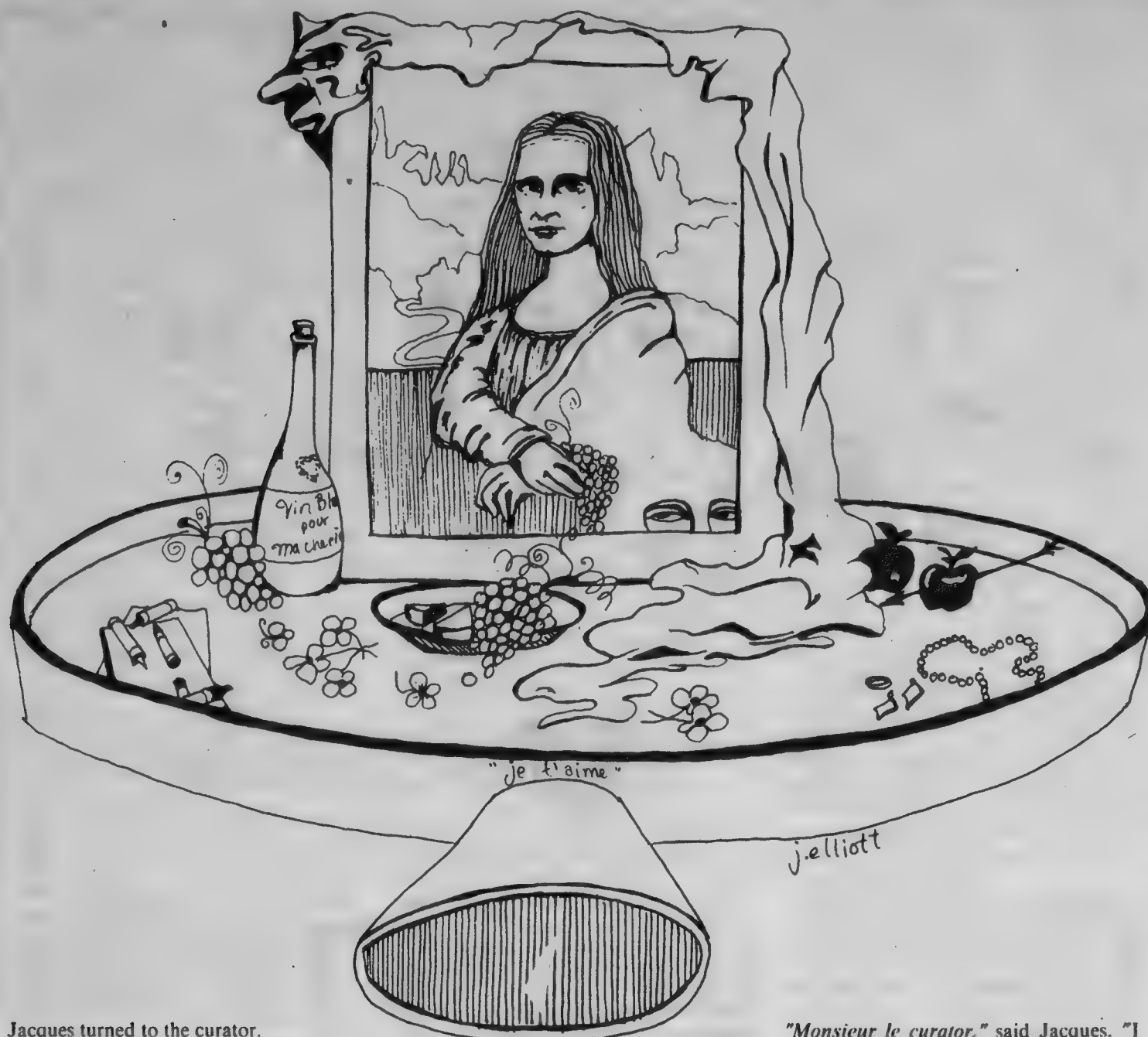
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Jacques turned to the curator.

"Monsieur, it is absolutely necessary that I see all the pictures in the museum; then I will know what has happened here. You must show me everything!"

"I will do anything," replied the curator, who had never seen such a strange case in all the forty-seven years he had worked at the Louvre. "Just figure out this horrible mess as quickly as possible. I cannot believe this is happening to me."

"Let's go then," said Jacques, hoping that after seeing hundreds upon hundreds of paintings he would really know the truth.

So the two left this room and entered another. Immediately they noticed that something was very wrong with another picture.

"Would you look at that!" exclaimed the curator, looking at a well-known painting by Monet. "Someone has picked half the painted poppies from the field!"

"I see that quite clearly," said Jacques. "That's most definitely our second clue."

But this clue didn't really help Jacques at all; he was in fact even more confused than before. Who could've wanted to take an apple, wine, and painted flowers, he wondered. And moreover, how did they do it?

In a third room they discovered yet another clue. In the famous picture *The Money-Lender and his Wife* by Matisse five coins were missing, including the one which was supposed to be in the Money-Lender's right hand.

"Good Heavens!" cried the curator, "Who would need this money? You can't buy anything with it. What absurdity!"

"Yes indeed," said Jacques, examining the bare canvas. Without resolving anything, Jacques hurried off to another room. The curator followed him.

While looking at Vermeer's *The Lace-maker* the two thought at first that nothing was missing. But suddenly the curator noticed that the very lace that she was making had disappeared. And it was not even finished yet!

"Maybe the thief is a woman," said Jacques. "And she will finish the lace herself and wear it on her dress." Knowing

this was nonsense, Jacques quickly shut his mouth, pulled out his magnifying glass and pretended to be searching for some hidden clue under the Lace-maker's fingers.

The curator could only look at his watch and wipe the sweat off his forehead with his madras handkerchief: The public was to arrive in one hour.

"We must hurry," said the curator.

And the two began to run from one room to another. In each they found at least one painting with something missing.

In Seurat's *The Circus* there was no longer a horse beneath the young rider and she now lay fallen and crumpled inside the circus ring. In a couple of paintings a necklace or a ring had been snatched right off the person wearing it. And almost every still life was short a handful of grapes or a slice of cheese.

Jacques and the curator did not even try to make any more guesses about who the thief could be. They were just too confused.

Finally, they thought that they had examined all of the paintings in the museum. But suddenly Jacques realized that in their haste they had forgotten one. And naturally enough they would find their most important clue here...

They ran as fast as fast can be to the portrait of the knight Aloy of Wignacourt by Caravaggio. But the knight was nowhere to be seen. All that was in the picture was the young squire, who was holding the knight's helmet, and the shadow of what should have been the knight. Now Jacques was beginning to piece the case together.

"Do not fear, Monsieur, I believe we've now found the answer. Follow me, *s'il vous plait*," said Jacques as he started running off to another room.

"But this is impossible," shrieked the curator, running after Jacques.

"On the contrary," replied Jacques.

They soon arrived at a room in the Louvre where you will find a most famous painting, the *Mona Lisa* by Leonardo da Vinci. Jacques looked at the painting through his magnifying glass and then began to smile.

to some British friends). Why had Aloy taken things from the pictures? He had only wanted to give the *Mona Lisa* all the presents in the world, because he loved her so.

Finally the whole story was known. And instead of feeling any sympathy, the old curator, who evidently did not understand love, either real or aesthetic, said that Aloy would be punished and should never leave the confines of his frame ever again. The *Mona Lisa* looked even sadder than before.

Jacques, who after visiting the *Mona Lisa* so often could well understand her feelings, certainly did not want to be so strict. He smiled at her and then said to the curator:

"Monsieur, I suggest that you merely ask Monsieur Aloy to return everything he took from the pictures, for we surely cannot do it. And then I think that Aloy must return to his own picture so that the tourists don't ask all sorts of bothersome questions. But on the chance that your idea of punishment would cause great damage to the *Mona Lisa*'s beautiful smile, I think that Monsieur and Mademoiselle should be allowed to meet each other, but only at night when the museum is already closed to the public. And another thought: if Aloy wants to give her any more presents, he should draw them himself with crayons and paper that you, Monsieur le curator, will give him. And that is my expert opinion on this case."

But the curator was not touched in the least.

"No, that is all nonsense," he said. "Paintings certainly do not need to have love. We cannot allow this. They cannot possibly have feelings. That's absurd."

But just then, the curator looked up at the *Mona Lisa* and saw what seemed to be a tear rolling down her left cheek. And for fear that that dreadful tear would dry on her face and ruin the painting, he quickly pulled out his handkerchief and lightly wiped the it away. But another one followed and suddenly the curator began to understand something, even though he still couldn't believe that all this was happening to him.

"Okay, okay," he said. "I will do whatever Jacques says. You paintings can see each other."

And just then the *Mona Lisa*'s old smile returned. And Aloy bowed to the curator in thanks.

"Okay, so everyone's happy," said the curator, "but now we must hurry. The museum will open in just twelve minutes."

So very quickly Aloy jumped into the *Mona Lisa*'s picture and pulled out the gifts, which he had hidden behind her. Then he kissed her hand and hopped out of the picture with everything. And, so that he could do his work faster, Aloy climbed up onto Seurat's horse and set off through the museum to put things back in place.

After Aloy had put everything in the right paintings, the curator ran around to make sure that nothing had been put in upside down and that the uneaten sides of the apple and other pieces of fruit were facing out. Then both Jacques and the curator accompanied Aloy to his own picture and watched as he jumped in and lined himself up with his shadow.

As always the Louvre opened its doors that day with everything in order. In his office, the curator thanked Jacques and paid him for his work.

"And," he said as Jacques was about to go, "please don't ever tell anyone about this case. No one will ever believe you."

And after Jacques had gone out the door the curator sighed a deep sigh, thinking no one would ever find out about this case.

But when Jacques went to England the next month to investigate a crime in the British Museum he told some friends this story. And now it has been told to you. But please, don't ever go and ask the head curator at the Louvre if you can enter the museum at night for I wouldn't want him to get angry with the author of this story.

"Monsieur le curator," said Jacques, "I think that this investigation is almost over. If you look at this young woman, you will notice that her smile is a little more radiant than usual... I noticed it before, but I didn't understand it. But now if you look just behind this young lady's right elbow, you will see a little spot of our gallant knight's black and gold armour."

And sure enough, this is exactly what the curator saw, even though he couldn't believe his eyes.

No one, not even the head curator, is supposed to touch the pictures, but this time there was no other choice. With his little finger he tapped lightly on the armour and within an instant the whole of Aloy appeared and jumped silently out of the painting to face the intruders. He was not very tall and was as thin as the coating of paint he was made of. Even though Aloy appeared to have a sword, the curator spoke to him very firmly — and quickly, as the public was due to start coming through the doors in very short order.

"Monsieur Aloy," said the curator, "You will explain this mess to us at once."

Aloy looked forlornly up at the *Mona Lisa*, who did not seem to be smiling now at all. Sorrow and fear were written across her face. For a long time Aloy just stared and said nothing, and Jacques began to think that even a great artist such as Caravaggio had not thought to paint vocal chords for the people in his paintings.

The curator waited impatiently and then got on his knees to face Aloy and addressed him again:

"Monsieur, you will please tell us if you stole all the things from the paintings?"

Finally, Aloy opened his mouth. And in a rather good and even idiomatic French which he must have picked up by listening to people as they looked at his portrait, he said that he could not tell a lie. He was indeed now a criminal. But as the moments passed, Jacques and the head curator began to learn of a great romance: the knight was in love with the *Mona Lisa*, whom he once met a long time ago when the two were being photographed for an art history text book. "*Je l'aime*," he said. ("I love her," as Jacques would later translate this when telling the whole story

Quod Erat Demonstratum — 3rd Prize

Of all the entries dealing with student revenge on professors, and there were many, this one takes the cake for sheer inventiveness. Written with a keen ear for witty repartee, the main action of the story centres on a conversation between a student, William O. Cameron and his philosophy prof, the obsessive, pipe-sucking Dr. Fostes (hmmmm...) who takes demonic delight in demoralizing his students with cutting remarks and failing grades. In our hero's case, a minus 25.

Intent on rectifying the situation by whatever means necessary, Cameron confronts "The old windbag" in his richly appointed office, more like a drawing

Third prize — Short stories

Quod erat demonstratum

by Chris Raye

Most of my friends had asked me just what the hell I had in mind when I signed up for a course in logic at the university. I'm sure that some of them thought that it was a joke, and others must have thought that it was part of some elaborate scheme. The truth is, at moments like this, I seriously began to wonder if I should have heeded the warnings of my shaggy-headed peers. Because I was just about to get back my test, and Dr. Fostes looked happy. That meant that we probably all failed.

"You have all failed," said the vindictive old fascist, and several squeals were emitted from around the room. I was not surprised, but some people had clung to a bit of hope — sort of like people falling off the Titanic clinging to toothpicks in hopes of floating to safety.

"Everyone, that is, except..."

What's this, I thought. Perhaps I was going to pass after all. I mean, I'd studied, for at least a solid hour.

"—except for Miss Pert, Mister Werner, and Mister Phong." Oh, great, keeners. As if that was a big surprise. As Dr. Fostes walked by, sucking on his pipe, they held out their hands to get their tests back, and I was reminded of seals barking for little fishies.

"With the exception of these three bright, hard-working, fine young students, you have all let yourselves down. But more importantly than that, you have let me down. This displeases me. Nonetheless, I shall have my opportunity to make you feel some remorse for your great offence against me when you see your final exam."

I was fuming. This crusty old pompous creep was telling us that we had wounded him?

He walked back to his table, sucking on his pipe some more and spitting the smoke in the faces of the front row students. This old coot was the only professor on campus who still wore an old-fashioned professor's gown, like a judge. As he gesticulated, the gown would billow, making him look like some sort of minister, and the table, an altar upon which the exams were to be sacrificed.

"The remaining ninety-seven tests I shall leave here, upon my desk. You may pick them up after class has ended. I cannot bear the thought of soiling my fingers with them again, in order to hand them to you. Marking them was enough of a trial. If any of you has complaints or if you find any discrepancies with the marks—" he smiled thinly, showing the points of his teeth, "—I remind you that all marks are final. Class dismissed," he wheezed, and smoke spilled out of his nostrils.

My mind was reeling. I wasn't the only one stunned, though. All around me, people were getting up slowly, confusedly, and moving down the jagged slope of the classroom floor to the teacher's desk. There, they would find their own death-

room, Cameron notes, with its Persian carpets and oil paintings on the wall. There ensues a long philosophical (what else) discussion on the pros and cons of smoking, with Dr. Fostes, ensconced in a smoking jacket, in a leather recliner, taking the position that he's smoked longer "than you've been alive and haven't missed a day of work..." Cameron is delighted to find that bullshit really does baffle brains when the prof finally agrees to let him do a re-test.

Later that same night...well, let's just say Cameron's stance that smoking can be dangerous to your health proves true in an inspired black comedy ending. Dali would have loved it.

warrants, their signatures already upon them. The girl next to me, whose name started with a "B" or something, whispered to me, "That man has no soul." I looked back at her and said, "...or dick." She chuckled, despite herself, and then, by her expression, began to screw her courage to go to retrieve her test.

I walked down behind her. Past me, on either side, shuffled a procession of the dead. Poor souls returned to their seats, either to get their books to leave, or to sit down and decompose. I looked over my shoulder, and saw an old Swedish guy bent over, his face gripped in his hands, and his test paper at his feet. He sobbed freely. Everyone else ignored him. I got closer to the test pile. Standing just a few feet away was the smoky Fostes, talking at "Miss Jody," "Mister Werner," and "Mister Phong."

"...at any rate, when Sartre finally flew from Australia to New Zealand, you know what he'd become? An 'existential Qantas-flier!'" Fostes stood back, chuckling, smoke leaking out between the spaces between his teeth. He was obviously pleased with his statement, which I eventually realised was some sort of joke (he made a joke?). His little chorus of keeners laughed politely, noses turning up piggishly, and in turn they thanked him yet another time for their test-scores and for his "excellent instruction." I felt my cookies make a scramble for my throat.

I finally got to the desks where the tests lay. I grabbed mine and got ready for a forty-five percent, or a thirty-nine. Hell, I'd braced myself for a twenty-five. I did not, however expect what I got.

Below the scrawled word "shameful" were three characters. Minus twenty-five percent.

My jaw sprung out of its socket and hit the floor, drool dribbling down my beer-shirt and jeans. My eyeballs just sort of gave up and plopped onto the ground. I bent down to pick them up. No one noticed.

I groped my way to the corner to refit my jaw and eyeballs. My vision came back into focus. There it was again: "-25%." Three lousy, stinking, meaningless, ugly, putrid, festering, deranged little figures on a page. How was it that something so meaningless as a meaningless scribble on a meaningless paper in a meaningless course with a meaningless prof could have so much damn meaning for me?

I went back up to my seat. The "B" girl (Becky? Betty?) was putting her coat on. Her expression was grave.

"How did you do, Beth?" I asked.

"Bev." She looked up.

"Sorry."

"I..." she sighed. "I didn't do very well. In fact, I did horribly." I began to get my hopes up. Perhaps I wasn't the only one to get a negative mark. Perhaps we'd all be scaled. Perhaps I wasn't going to fail.

"I got forty-one percent."

Ah, hell.

She continued: "Can you believe it? Forty-one! I studied days for that exam! And we only have ten days of classes left. Not even enough time for a make-up. Not that he'd give us one, anyway." She threw a book in her bag. "How'd you do?"

"Oh, you know, not great or anything."

"Yeah. But jeez, I know I did badly, but I glanced at one guy's test down there, and you know what he got? Twenty-eight percent! Can you imagine?" she said, indignant. "I mean, forty-one is terrible, but twenty-eight! Hell, if I got a mark less than thirty I'd be so ashamed I'd probably commit suicide."

"Yeah. Heh heh." I suddenly imagined my hands closing about her chicken-bone-like neck.

She left. I left.

After checking with one of the other professors ("Doctor who? Fostes?" — "The guy with the cape." "Oh! Room 415.") I managed to find Fostes' office. The rooms on either side of his were vacant, and the lights overhead were faltering. On the door to room 415 were four pieces of information. One was a plaque with the name, "Dr. John Fostes." Above that was tacked a photocopied article on *Firing Line* and William F. Buckley. Underneath the plaque was the room number. And beneath that, a bumper-sticker was stuck to the door, that read "I BRAKE FOR THE ANCIENTS."

Moron.

I knocked.

After one second, no one answered and figuring no one was inside, I turned to leave. From within, though, a voice called out that said, "Don't just stand outside like an idiot." I gambled I wasn't going to get a sweeter invitation than that, so I went in.

I was not prepared for what I saw. Sitting behind the desk was Fostes, no longer in his gown but in a smoking jacket. He reclined in a huge leather-bound chair, with a pipe in one hand. He breathed out exhaust fumes. The bookshelves, in addition to having hundreds upon hundreds of volumes, also had row after row of huge jars. Inside each of these jars were what appeared to be coins.

I looked down to see what I guessed was maybe a Persian rug. On his desk were two

fancy lamps with brass bases, and on the walls were several oil paintings and the heads of a few dead animals. The whole room was composed of browns and golds and deep reds — not an office at all, but a miniature *drawing room* for someone's mansion away from home.

My gaze returned to the arrogant old wind-bag's face. His eyes shone like jewels, and I felt like I had just been canned. Behind his head, very oddly, a decal was plastered onto the window. It read "Designated Smoking Area" and it had a little fuming cigarette inside a green circle.

"Well if you're going to leave a package, why not do it and be gone? I haven't all day. And don't beg for a tip, either, boy. By the looks of you, you'd just squander it on crack or something of that nature."

I couldn't believe I was hearing this. I gestured to my school books so he could see that I belonged here, and his demeanor grew less forgiving.

"Oh. You're a student." He looked up to the ceiling in disgust, and mumbled, "This is what happens when they reduce the entrance requirements." He returned his sneer to me. "Well, what do you want?"

"I, uh... I'm in your Introductory Logic class. I, uh... the test... I wanted to..." I hoped he might take pity on me and fill in the words "give you some help" or "give you a make-up test." He said nothing. Why the hell had I come at all? What did I expect from this evil old fossil, anyway?

"I, uh... I failed and I was hoping you might see to... uh, maybe, giving me a make-up?"

He blinked, slowly, like a crocodile. "Make-up," he spat, "is for women and corpses. Are you one of those?" He smiled, thinly. "I assume that what you want is a re-test."

I thought that he was going to continue, but he didn't, so I nodded.

"Ah, well, why didn't you just say so?"

Hey, maybe the guy wasn't so bad after all. I kind of felt bad for saying all of those things about him. Maybe he's just a...

"I do not give re-tests, either. You should have applied yourself. Your failure is your own responsibility."

...just a stinking old creep who deserves the most painful death possible.

Inverting his pipe, he tapped it on his ashtray. He refilled and then re-lit it, all



the while looking as if he were caring for a baby.

"Even if I did give re-tests," he continued, "why should I give one to you? Mister...?"

"William."

"Mister William, why should I let you have a re-test when the other students are satisfied with their marks?" He puffed on his pipe, and smog billowed in my direction. "What was your mark, anyway? Low 'teens, I'd say, by the looks of you."

"Well, actually, that's part of the reason I came to speak to you. I didn't understand the mark you gave me."

"You didn't understand," he deadpanned. "I am rarely surprised at anything, anymore, Mister William. Let's start at the beginning. Those squiggly lines on your test paper? Those are called numbers. Numbers represent amounts of items we find in the world. Surely some of this must sound familiar to you? Perhaps from *Captain Kangaroo* or *Sesame Street*?"

I was beyond anger at this point. "What I meant was that I didn't understand how I could get... the particular mark I got."

He sighed, heavily. "Either you did not have the intelligence or the studied knowledge to pass this test. Then, when

you wrote the test, you did not write a satisfactory answer, because of that reason. *Quod erat demonstratum*," he tilted his head in logical triumph. "that is to say, therefore, you have failed."

"Yeah, yeah, I know all that. What I mean is, well..." I handed him the paper.

He glanced down. "William O. Cameron. You're Mr. Cameron, not Mr. William!" He looked down a bit. "Ah. Yes. Minus twenty-five. Yes, I admit that negative grades are just a bit unorthodox, but in this case, your essay was such an affront that the only thing more fitting than this type of mark would be corporal punishment." His forehead rolled back, ferskin-like. "Which I may still consider." He sucked on his pipe, and smoke ejaculated from his nostrils as he exhaled.

I pointed to one of the corrections he'd made. "And, like, I couldn't even read some of your notes. Like this one, here."

"It says your handwriting is illegible."

Nothing I had tried, like sincerity, had worked so far. It was time to use the ultimate weapon for dealing with arrogant sons of bitches like this. The ass-kissing BS-Bomb.

"Well, golly, Professor Fostes, I thought,

seeing as how you're so smart, I mean, like, probably one of the most brilliant profs I've ever had, that you'd probably know a way to teach a guy even as dumb as me." That wasn't an appeal to his compassion, since I knew that he had none. But I thought he might get to like me if we had something in common, like insulting me.

"Well... when I was an undergraduate, I did do behavioral studies of mice and simians in lab science requirements. I suppose that my thirst for experimentation has not yet been quenched." He paused to suck in some more smoke, which he expelled in my direction. It was getting difficult to breathe. "Although I'm not sure that you should be in this course in the first place. After all, we can teach a mouse to hit the correct lever for cheese, but we can't teach a stone to type."

"Well, I'd work real hard, and I sure do love logic, Doctor Fostes, sir." The taste of bullshit in your mouth wasn't so bad, really, when you knew that someone else was eating it, too. "And besides, I'm sure that I can do the work. I'm taking Math and English courses, and I'm doing fine in those."

"Well..." He seemed to be considering it. I began to get my hopes up. He puffed a bit more, and I had to stifle a cough, so as not to offend him. He seemed to notice me doing this.

"Do you smoke, Mr. Cameron?"

"Well, you know, I used to, but, uh..."

"Yes, yes. Spit it out," he said, almost patiently.

"Well, my uncle had a heart attack, and he was a smoker. And he's my favourite uncle, so I promised him I'd give up smoking if he did. Now he jogs every day."

He laughed. Then he sucked in some more fumes, and let them settle in his lungs for what seemed like two minutes before he expelled them. As if he were proving a point.

"Let me tell you something, Mister Cameron. I've been smoking for longer than you've been alive. In all that time I haven't missed one day of work nor have I had to go to the hospital for one day. I'm going to be sixty-four in two weeks and my physician says I'm in the peak of health." He paused for a drag.

"All those people who try to tell you that smoking is bad for you are full of hogwash. Hogwash! There is no conclusive



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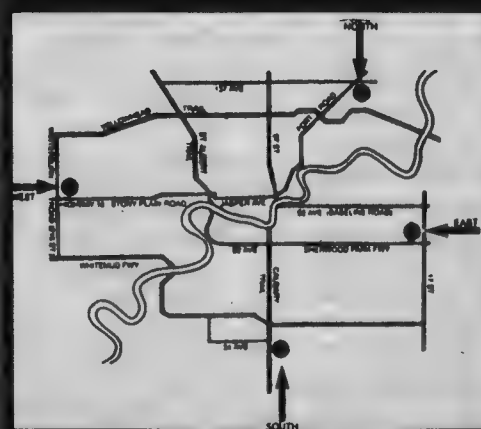
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scientific evidence whatsoever that can substantiate the monumentally ridiculous and yet grandiosely simplistic conclusion, "Smoking is bad for your health!" Suck. Puff. It was obvious that he enjoyed crushing non-smoker arguments more than he enjoyed smoking.

"That's so true. Golly, you're just so brilliant, Doctor Fostes. I should have thought of that for myself."

"You're a perceptive lad, William." It appeared that the slimy old monster was falling for it. "You just tell all of those whining, pathetic non-smoker advocates, who belong more in Russia than they do here: Smoking is not bad for you. No one has any proof that smoking is bad for you. *Quod erat demonstratum*, no one may abrogate my rights to smoke, wherever I should please." He looked triumphant.

"Gosh, professor, you make logic so simple, I really feel that I could get a handle on it, if I could just get a break. But, well, it would sure help if, well..."

"You will get your re-test, Mister Cameron."

Alright! I was going to pass! I thought I'd better go home right then, so I could study! Maybe I'd stop for a beer first, though. And visit Brad and Beaker. Well, just a six-pack, and then hit those books...

"Why don't you sit down?"

"Uh, thanks." Uh-oh. The BS-Bomb had been too effective.

I sat. From this angle, I saw some stuff I hadn't seen before. There was a picture of Fostes and some guy, maybe about my age. Fostes had his arm around the guy's shoulders. Fostes noticed me looking at the picture.

"Ah, yes. That's my son and me. Wonderful young man. Efficient, respectful, logical."

"Is he a student?"

"Oh, he graduated a few years back. Business administration. Now, he's a manager at a facility where cigarettes and other tobacco products are packed and shipped." Puff.

"Hey, that's great." I enthused. "Uh, professor," I scrambled for small talk, "what are those jars for? The ones filled with coins?"

"Ah!" he said, delighted. Looks like I hit the right key. Mousey gets the cheese. "Those are my thought-enhancitive probability affectors." He blinked.

"Oh. Of course." Huh? "So I guess those aren't coins inside?"

"Coins? Heavens, no. Those are lead slugs. You see, the principle is that, as around a black hole, great mass condenses space and time. We know that probability

is increased with greater range and domain — namely space and time. Therefore, the likelihood of brilliant thoughts being inspired inside my consciousness." He spoke of it as though it were a mouse-trap.

"Oh, right. Didn't I read something about that in *Scientific American*?" I was gripped by the desire to check for an empty battery port at the back of his head.

"You may very well have. It's not a new concept."

"Mmm." What next? "Oh, golly professor, I really appreciate your time, but I just realised that I'm going to be late for my next class. It's, uh, on the other side of campus."

"No need to explain, Mr. Cameron. I actually have to leave myself. I'm meeting my son for lunch. He's at the plant today."

"Oh, that's real nice. Well, uh, have a nice time. And thanks again!"

"Yes, of course. Just make sure you're ready for your test, Mr. Cameron — next Thursday."

Judges comments — Long poems

by Fred Wah

The "long poem" tends to invite narrative. But the successful poetic narrative still highlights an intensity of language structure more than it does story. Each of the four winning entries stands out as intensifying one or more compositional features.

"Trifoliate" rates third because the poem proposes an economy of diction that makes the descriptions quickly readable. The spare syntax and visual stanza breaks slow the reading and the perceptions so that each word has force and weight. As well, the attention in this poem to sound helps the reader focus on the concreteness of the images.

Second spot goes to "The Last Knish-Man." This short sequence of poems centering on Brooklyn in the fifties is interesting in how it unravels images of personal biography and place history. The language in these poems plays off of a prose syntax expectation in a subtle use of repetition and disjunctive phrasing. The anecdotal movement of the images is sectioned off so the structure has a nice rolling feeling to it.

I chose "The Diver" as the most successful of the poems primarily because of the poem's cadence. This is an anecdotal poem about a brother's daring shallow-

"Right!" I flew out of the door. "Bye!" Six-pack, here I come. I got my re-test. I would study. *Quod erat demonstratum*, I would pass the course.

Later on, with Brad and Beaker and two-and-a-half six-packs later, the tube was switched to the news. I was about to turn the channel when there was a story about a local accident.

"Sixty-three year-old Doctor John Fostes, professor of Philosophy at the University of Alberta, was killed today in a freak accident at a cigarette-packing plant in Leduc. Apparently there to visit his son, a manager at the plant, he was crushed when a crate of cigarettes was accidentally tipped on him during an unscheduled tour..."

Oh... jeez. And his last meal was with me. And I fed him bullshit. I felt guilty, sort of.

What a way to die... but it's logical, I guess. I was right about smoking, after all. *Quod erat demonstratum*.

out and out (if only you could fly and my brother loved to fly).

Earlier in the summer my brother climbed the arch of heavy timbers that hold the dam in place, and golden in the falling sun, high above our heads, he flew through the air and sliced the water, and was gone, and Frazer moaned. He's dead, but my brother emerged slowly like a submarine, and though he was silent, I saw the quick smile.

In the still air my brother hung, blonde and brown and blue, his head tucked between his arms, hands clenched, body a missile, toes pointed back like jet engines, and Cec shouted, He's doin' it; holy smoke, and my brother needed to dive far out like shooting off a rocket launch pad, out and out, and since he knew he couldn't move fast enough to reach orbit, knew he would come down, he had to skip over the water like a racing boat or run aground on the rocky bottom.

Earlier in the summer my brother chased his shadow across the grass and leaped off the rock, flying, shooting just under the surface like a torpedo, and Macky grinned. He dives so shallow, he hardly breaks the water, but my brother just looked at us with no smile though I saw the purple sky reflected in his eyes.

The gray-blue sky and still air broke and my brother dropped, but he didn't skip once, twice, three times in quick smooth skips, and plunged into the black water, and my eyes closed but wouldn't stay closed, and my brother stood in the water up to his knees.

I can't recall the dive as a series of movements; I remember only the still moment when my brother hung in the gray-blue sky and that other moment when he stood in the water stained with his blood, raw and bloody like a skinned rabbit, his eyes darting, searching, as if he'd awoken in a brightly lit room he didn't know.

water diving. The story sets up scenes and images in a prose-poem language that moves with facility; the stanzas are nicely broken on the page visually and that helps focus on the particularities of the event. The writer avoids the "so what" pitfall of a lot of contemporary anecdotal writing by ending the gruesome tale with stark perceptions and sensory description. The language is even and at work at every point.

I'm a little surprised at the strength of the narrative in these poems and in many others in this competition since that is an aspect of recent verse that has not been very successful. I'm impressed by the attention to the balance between description and play in language in the winners.

First prize — Long poems

The Diver

by Carl Leggo

In the gray-blue sky my brother hung, long and lean, his body a line lined with taut muscles, and Macky's mouth was a gaping hole in a scream or laugh because my brother was making the death-defying dive never dared from the concrete abutment at the end of the dam where the water was no more than a foot deep though it got deeper,

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Second prize — Long poems

The Last Knish-Man

by R.N. Friedland

THE LAST KNISH-MAN

There are no more *knish*-men
on Pitkin Avenue.

No more flat *knishes* on waxed paper
sprinkled with too much coarse salt
so the crystals that did not adhere
slid off the smooth paper
on to the top of the sheet metal wagon,
or on to the wide sidewalks,
or off into the wind.
No more *Litvaks*.
No more *Galitzianers*.

Just black men in surplus greatcoats
burning beef fat in up-ended oil drums by the slaughterhouse.
Rubbing their hands, shaking and blowing on their knuckles,
passing a bottle, swallowing deeply to stay warm.

There are no more old tailors
not even Mr. Koenig, with numbers
tattooed around their wrists.

No more appetizing-store owners slicing lox,
or offering a taste of wooden-boxed cream cheese
to mothers' boys on the tip of a sharp knife.

No more push-carts.
No more delicatessens with spicy brown mustard
rolled up in small cones of heavy brown waxed paper.

Even Harry Cabot, who drove to Spring Valley with my father,
to buy milk, during the strike.
Even Harry Cabot is dead.

BROOKLYN 14, NEW YORK

1956, and
Father Knickerbocker in peeling paint.
Dutch colonial dress, cane
and a beer,
peers down from the wall of Dominic's Grocery
over rectangular reading glasses.

A gallon mayonnaise jar
filled with clear liquid,
and a note taped, hand-written,
on sandwich wrapping paper, says:
"Tears of Dodger Fans.
Wait 'til next year."

Across 18th Avenue
the new two-tone Pontiacs sit idle in the showroom,
the live poultry market is closing,
the men with the horse-drawn wagons,
the one who sells *javel* water,
the other who sharpens dull knives and collects rags,
are finishing their rounds.

The breeze off of Gravesend Bay
is smooth and salty.
The West End rumbles overhead on the El,
where it turns down toward
New Utrecht.

In Whitey's, the boys drink soda,
smoke,
and re-live the perfect game.

KINGS HIGHWAY

The wind roars up Ocean Parkway
and slices the Sunday morning volunteers
on the spot where Washington marched off
to meet Burgoyne in Long Island.

There's a mural in the high-ceilinged bank.
Now the icy wind freezes the windows thick
with the heavy moist condensate of the bagel bakery
on East Fifth Street.

Inside, platoons of doughy circles are pulled
from hot water, spread quickly on long narrow boards
and advanced into the ovens.
It is warm steamy and loud
with shouted commands and orders.

"A dozen assorted, no salt."
"Six and six."

Under their arms, the volunteers shoulder
the *Times*, the *Mirror*, or the *Daily News*.

The bagels that are almost too hot to hold,
will be frozen by the time they are home.
It's better to eat at least one right away,
plain,
and let the warm doughy softness dissolve.

SOUTH BROOKLYN

Eddie P
had fronted the junkie
twelve-dollars for two bags.
But the Puerto Rican kid had neglected
to return with the swag,
the stolen goods that Eddie P
sold from the private car service
on Fourth Avenue.

"It's not the twelve dollars,
it's the principle."
Joe Fish explained,
breaking the addict's arm.

For three days they had him tied to a chair
in the back room, behind the curtain.
Everyone of the boys who came by
went into the back and kicked and punched him
until they were too tired to hit him again.

On the third day,
the Puerto Rican's mother
and the Parish Priest
came and pleaded with Eddie P
to let him go.
"Father," Eddie P whined,
"It's got to do with respect."

The priest and the boy's mother nodded yes,
the boy was clearly in the wrong.
"But," the priest whispered,
"his mother is a saint."

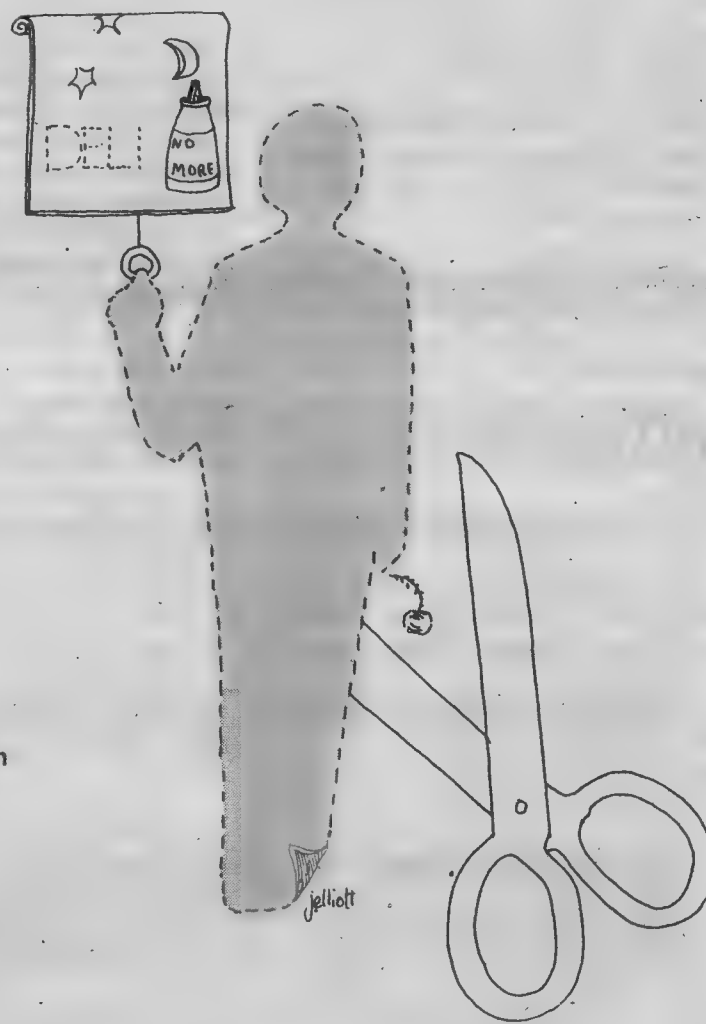
THE CANDY STORE

The power's out,
and the button men pitch pennies and laugh
at Fat Mike
trying to save the ice-cream
melting in the coolers.

Mike had a weakness for teenaged girls,
and Martha let him do it to her in a small closet.
It was no big thing.

He walked with a limp
from when Joe Hook shot him
for fucking his sister.
Joe's brother was okay.
But Joe was crazy.

Martha's boyfriend was surprised
at how salty she was.
"Don't. Don't Not today," she had asked.
Without knowing precisely why,
he sensed thickly how wrong the world was.



Third prize — Long poems

Trifoliate

by Thomas Wharton

Trees are scrolls
as yet unfurled
in the arcane forest.

Logging roads reach in,
they arrive limbless, shocked
to be steamed in stacks

in the dank steam vaults
and stripped of cortex
expertly by the perfect

teeth of the grinders. Here
on the main level
I sweep I sweep I sweep

the sawdust that falls
all day and night from
jubilant hot machines.

A machine never stands back
to wipe its brow.
A machine is illiterate.

My friend is the old woman
gnarled and strong as a pine.
She takes the dry bonewood

from the oven and sorts it.
She will never be felled.
She has seniority.

Ray drives a forklift
and is born again. At lunch he says,
just before the dread clarion

announces the reign of hell
on earth, he and the rest
of the elite few thousand

will just vanish before us,
right to heaven, rightly escaping
the terrible culling.

He prays loudly in the lunch room.
The older ones pay no attention.
They chew their lunches mechanically.

The horn sounds. Back in the mill
the foreman directs me
underneath

to the access tunnel clogged
with sodden shavings. I crouch
in broiling gloom and shovel

grassy mulch up the shuddering
conveyor belt. It's quieter here.
I think that I am forgotten.

No such luck — called up
to search among the lofty stacks
for errant woodscraps.

I wander.
Late shift I find tucked away
a helical staircase

behind the boilers.
Winding around, wary of vigilance
I climb through the motes

shaking from blackened beams.
Through an unwilling door
I wake in vast cool night.

The firmament and the city
sustained
in points of light

blooms all space; who can decode it?

There came a day I saw
Ray's forklift rolling along
without a driver:
I stopped,
aware of implications.
He came running sheepishly,
having forgotten the hand brake.

Ma Rainey exposes racism in recording industry

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom
Citadel Shoctor Theatre
through April 16

review by Kevin Law

There is a cold, early March wind blowing in 1927 Chicago as the Paramount recording studio awaits the arrival of Gertrude 'Ma' Rainey, one of the last of the great Negro minstrel artists. Gertrude Rainey's contemporary, Bessie Smith, became the universal symbol of the classic blues, but Ma reigned supreme in her day and the current Shoctor production of *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* takes us to just such a day, where she will once again record her songs for a pittance.

While the central figure is Ma Rainey, the play really revolves around her band of black musicians in the basement locker room of a two tiered set. The set itself becomes a metaphor of social stratification. The white studio manager remains up high in the recording booth while a large portion of the Negro drama is played out at the bottom, in the basement. The folkways and personalities of these early jazz/blues musicians, and their thoughts and feelings about their place in society, are revealed in the lower bowels of the studio.

There is great exuberance in the interaction between the band members within the oppressive confines of the locker room, and a visual and aural humor exists in the sight and sound of the subjective black mannerisms and dialect.

All of the characters are fully defined, and the actors playing each role perform well in rendering the very separate and

different characters that make up Ma's band. Particularly good is Lawrence Cook as Toledo, the insatiable philosopher who repeatedly produces allegorical analysis of the black experience. His book learning constantly clashes with Levee, the coronet player, around whom a central conflict revolves concerning his stylistic changes to one of Ma's songs. William Taylor's powerful performance as Levee is really the highlight of the musician ensemble as he brings hyperbolic life to the bombastic, impetuous character who is chomping at the bit of the fragile dream of recording his own music. Taylor makes Levee's every exaggerated move seem deliberate, conveying an image of a man with an unbounded emotional spirit.

Surprisingly good, too, is former Edmonton Eskimo James Zachery in a small turn as Ma Rainey's stuttering, dull-witted nephew Sylvester. He brings an eager-to-please naivete to the role, and his humorous, stuttering attempts at announcing Ma's band for the album was an audience pleaser. Larry Yachimec as Ma's white manager also succeeds at making a smaller role his own. He perfectly accentuates the harried studio atmosphere, playing a frustrated middleman with his hands full who is constantly trying to keep things running smoothly.

Ma Rainey's character, as played by Sandra Reeves-Phillips, is true to the biographical description of a lady who knew she was a blues queen and acted the part with sternness. Phillips absorbs the role with apparent ease, as if she herself is the somewhat arrogant, definitely volcanic mother of the blues whose pride allows her to speak her mind. Phillips has a strong stage presence, partly due to her strength



Kevin Law

The cast of *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, on stage. Though somewhat flawed, the play makes some powerful statements.

of voice, something that becomes even more noteworthy when she sings the play's only two songs.

Unfortunately, however, suffused amongst the many good performances are some production and script problems that sometimes tarnish the play's silver shine. The interactive dialogue between Ma's musicians in the locker room scene is often garbled when spoken too quickly in the black urban dialect. A slowing down by director of Claude Purdy of the too rapid speech, especially in the first act, would make this necessary dialect, so full of emotion and slang phrases, more easily understandable.

As well, the play's three hour length is long, and playwright August Wilson's apparent need for continually pounding home the message of black exploitation by whites is a contributing factor. There are several soliloquies in the play; some are extremely effective, others are not. Most of the monologues about experience and emotional anguish take place in the locker room, and the ones given to Levee about seeing his mother raped and his subsequent disbelief in God contain real emotional impact. But nearly everyone gets to have their say about how terribly exploited they are and such lengthy discussion becomes redundant, expanding the running time beyond the essential.

Such overwrought wordiness by the Negro musicians about their low status and mistreatment by whites lacks a certain depth that could be enhanced through more dramatic interaction with the dominant whites in the play. These Negro artists' psychological and racial abuse does not seem fully explored within the

context of the prejudicial process of the white recording industry. Only in the last few minutes of the play, for example, does the financial abuse of the band become visually apparent.

Such long range failures of exploration of theme also apply to the scenes of Ma's belligerent uncooperativeness. She simply wants to maintain her musical integrity, but the strength of her character outweighs the weak and minimal role of the studio manager, who simply blusters at her, never really making any threats of using his considerable power. The result is a lack of balance to Ma's demanding attitude so that her powerful character sometimes seems trite in her stubbornness.

A scrutinized view however, does not a complete picture make. A step back reveals much to admire in a play that is earthy and often potent, if not perfectly cut. Most performances are good, some are excellent, and many of the scenes are truly compelling. Levee's angst ridden rant at God is electric, as is the final tragedy at play's end. Also scintillating is a heated love-making scene between Levee and Ma's companion Dussie Mae. Their passion in the basement humorously coincides with Ma Rainey drinking a whole bottle of coke in one thirsty gulp. It's the pause that refreshes.

All the worthy elements of the play, including another fine Shoctor set by Stencil Campbell, make it hard not to like this tragicomedy, even if it doesn't fully live up to its promise as an elucidation of racial inequality. *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* is the final Shoctor production of the season, and ultimately it is a play worth seeing for a long night out.

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3	2	4	Elvis Costello	Spike
4	-	1	XTC	Oranges & Lemons
5	8	4	Fairground Attraction	The First of a Million Kisses
6	16	4	Dirrhythmia	Self-titled
7	11	2	They Might be Giants	Lincoln
8	12	2	Ian Tyson	I Outgrew the Wagon
9	6	6	The Romanians	World on Fire
10	15	3	Tone Loc	Loc'd After Dark
11	-	6	Lyle Lovett & His Large Band	Pontiac
12	7	7	Replacements	Don't Tell a Soul
13	-	1	Firehose	From Ohio
14	-	2	Bel Canto	Whiteout Conditions
15	5	3	Fine Young Cannibals	The Raw & the Cooked
16	-	1	Guadalcanal Diary	Flip Flop
17	9	7	Yello	Flag
18	10	3	Gary Fjellgard	Heart of a Dream
19	-	1	Bob Dylan & the Grateful Dead	Dylan and the Dead
20	-	1	Rapeman	Two Nuns & a Packmule

EPs

1	3	2	Chocolate Affaire	Botha
2	1	4	Pogues	Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
3	9	2	Kon Kan	I Beg Your Pardon
4	6	2	Thelonicus Monster	Sammy Hagar Weekend
5	-	1	Plasterscene Replicas	

Latest Police Academy sequel worth a few laughs

**Police Academy VI:
City Under Siege** ★★
Famous Players Capitol Square

review by Cathy Duong
The *Police Academy* clan has somehow wound up in the same predicament as the likes of *Friday the 13th*, *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Nightmare on Elm Street*: their endless sequels keep becoming box office hits. The

Watching these policemen on duty is both maddening and hilarious.

sequels to *Police Academy* have been filmed annually for the past five years and the latest, *City Under Siege*, continues the tradition of nutball comedy.

The director of *City Under Siege* even says "I wasn't looking for intellectual literary wit... I had to go back to the world of physical comedy, to invent things people haven't seen yet. There are certain gags you want to do because audiences are expecting to see them and will be disa-

ppointed if they don't."

The reason the sequels are successful is inexplicable. Perhaps the die-hard fans flock to the theatres to see the same old gags they love or maybe to see the development of their favourite characters to see how Jones expands his repertoire of vocal effects and how many people or animals Tackleberry injures this time.

City Under Siege is about a hideous trio called The Wilson Heights Gang who terrorize L.A. The gang, consisting of the gargantuan Ox, the agile Flash and Marksman Ace, is really scary; they play with water guns and exploding cigars. Led by an evil person named the Mastermind, the gang commit their crimes along the number 52 bus route. These thieves outsmart our *Police Academy* graduates under the leadership of Commandant Eric Lassard.

So we follow the adventures and foibles of these law enforcers as they try to solve the crimes. The movie has a "whodunnit" style because nobody can figure out who the Mastermind is. It didn't take long, however, before the audience could correctly guess the culprit (no it's not the butler), which shows the level of intelligence of the characters. Watching these policemen on duty is both maddening and hilarious.

Most of the gags in this movie are predictable: explosives, three-legged chairs,



All the gang from *Police Academy* XVIII...er...VI. The formula still works, but just barely.

whoopie-cushion noises, etc. One notable scene involves a car chase with a humongous truck on high wheels called "Big Foot." Big Foot rolls over everything in a rampage, even going on top of other cars.

Each character in the movie has his own bizarre uniqueness and each manages to

gain a few guffaws from the audience. The movie lasts 90 minutes, which is fortunate, because the jokes cannot be funny for an extended time. If you are willing to part with six bucks and you enjoy the *Police Academy* brand of humour, this movie is good for a few laughs.

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Rafters to recall historic rapids

by Naomi Mellwraith

Within the Faculty of Physical Education and Recreation there is an obscure little group called "Explorations". This year's crew is determined to take a step beyond the obscure, to partake in a venture of huge proportions and to paddle their way into the past. These folks will canoe their way from Rocky Mountain House to Fort William (Thunder Bay) on Lake Superior.

Explorations, the senior Outdoor Education program, is a leadership course whereby the students read, research and experience Albertan and Canadian environments, re-experience an historic route and most importantly, experience many opportunities to lead in the wilderness group context. It is a student-directed program and the students are free to choose the mode of travel and the historical events to be studied.

Past Explorations crews have retraced, by ski, a trail from Jasper to Banff, snowshoed from Ft. McMurray to Ft. Chipewyan to commemorate Peter Pond's

travels and travelled by dogsled from Hilda Creek to Maligne Lake. Each year is a unique blend of people, aspirations and experiences. Along with the trials and tribulations of group living, each group shares its own set of dreams, accomplishments and memories.

The program requires a substantial commitment in terms of time, and finances. It is a fully accredited academic program and the students find themselves walking many a mile and spending many an hour on the telephone digging for information regarding funding assistance and researching their chosen area of history.

Generally, the students focus on key issues related to their route and means of travel. Environmental education, history, navigation, human impact and other topics are areas that students choose to do research projects on. Traditionally, the expeditions take place in the winter semester between January and April.

Explorations '88-'89 has chosen to retrace the Rocky Mountain House/Ft. William fur trade route



Ron Sears

Twist and shout

These two grapplers were part of the Canadian Senior Wrestling Championships

by canoe. This means, of course, that their trip will take place outside of the January to April semester. They expect to leave Rocky Mountain House in late April depending upon meltwater and iceflow on the North Saskatchewan River. Approximately 10 to 12 weeks later they will find themselves paddling into Fort William. Gala affairs at both historic sites on either end of the trip as well as skits and demonstrations at posts, schools and towns along the route will let others know what these people are doing and the significance of their project.

Though much of our present way of life is based on our economy we must remember that the beaver, its family and all the other species in the natural world are always the unfortunate victims of man's exploitations. To this end, Explorations will call their project "The Life of a River" and will also take a look at the world through the eyes of the river, the beaver and their relatives. As well as an historical interpretation, these explorers will take a serious look at the impact of civilization on their route of travel.

ments from "Complete Nutrition Limited" and subscriptions to "Explore" magazine to be given away in their "km for a Dollar" sales. As well, donations from the Alma Mater Society in the form of a grant is an example of support for a worthwhile cause.

The logistics involved are huge and the students are in the final stages of acquiring canoes, paddles, lifejackets, throwbags, and all the other camping and cooking gear required. Also, food must be purchased, dehydrated and packaged in preparation for food drops along the route. Topographic maps must be studied and purchased and transportation arranged for the return trip home from Lake Superior. Finally, research projects must be finalized and prepared for submittal.

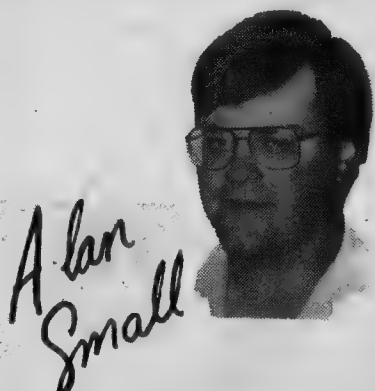
Explorations will be in SUB, CAB or elsewhere on campus with their map display, Km sales and video tape. Recognition of their efforts is much appreciated in the form of an enthusiastic handshake or even the purchase of a Km for a dollar. Larger donations may be made through the Society for Outdoor Adventure Recreation and Education (S.O.A.R.E.) and tax deductible income tax receipts will be made available along with Certificates of Appreciation.

Other projects include finding edible and medicinal uses of plants, food coordination, reproduction of sextant readings as well as map and navigation coordination, logistics and equipment coordination and a sentimental look at the history of the canoe.

The students are hard at work in their fundraising efforts. They operated the SUB Concession at movies last fall or you may have seen them with their map display and "km for a dollar" sales set up in the Van Vliet Centre or in SUB. Last class barbeques and bottle drives on campus have all added to their efforts. They have received sponsorship in the form of vitamin and mineral supple-



Explorations will be taking on the North Saskatchewan this summer.



It is interesting to see how much Ty Cobb and Pete Rose have in common. Before Charlie Hustle came along, Cobb led all major league players with 4,192 hits. Both played for a long time, and were the standard baseball player of their time.

Rose was one of the most admired athletes in the United States. He played like a kid, which endeared him to many young fans, as his appearance on a Wheaties box attests, but

there was always someone who didn't appreciate his blue collar approach to the game.

Cobb was also one of the most admired athletes of his time. The Georgia Peach is the only person who has ever garnered a unanimous nomination to the baseball hall of fame. He still holds many career and single season marks, sixty years after he played his last game.

Rose's win at all costs attitude had just as many people hating him as liking him. In one all-star game, he ran over a catcher and separated his throwing shoulder to score the winning run in what is usually an exhibition game. Supporters said that Rose was exhibiting his exuber-

ent style of baseball, one that spectators had paid good money to see. Detractors said that Rose destroyed the catcher's career in a meaningless showing of one-upmanship.

Cobb wasn't exactly Willy Loman either. He would routinely jam his spikes into whoever was covering the bag when he stole second. With somewhere around 1,000 career steals, that means that Cobb had more than his share of victims. Also like Rose, Cobb has had his life go through the rigors of scandal.

In the 1920's, Cobb, along with hall of famer Tris Speaker, had their names dragged through the mud when baseball

was trying to clean up its act after the 1919 World Series. Both escaped the accusations with their reputations unscathed. However, many believe that is the reason neither of them managed baseball teams after their playing days were over. Some believe a bargain was struck so they could finish their careers, others believe that owners made the two persona non grata. Either way, they never turned up as managers in organized baseball. They finished out their years in relative obscurity.

Now, Rose is facing the same problem. His playing days are history, but he was starting to make his mark as a manager.

Look for Charlie Hustle to end up like The Georgia Peach: finished in baseball, but never quite forgotten.

Rose, as a manager, has proven he can be as caustic off the field as he was on it. He has had his share of disputes with Reds' owner Marge Schott, and he hasn't exactly won over fans with his words in the media. Once, he endearingly called pitcher John Franco "that little Dago."

No matter what people think of Rose, it would be a shame if he were implicated for gambling on baseball and banned for life.

For baseball without Rose, like Cobb, would take some lustre off of the boys of summer.

Future not rosy for Reds' skipper

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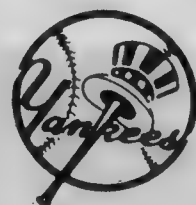
Brewers hopping to pennant

by Alan Small
AL East

Milwaukee Brewers — Look for the Brew Crew to follow up there superb finish last year with the AL East crown. They'll have to start without ace lefty Ted Higuera, who'll miss the first month with a back problem. There other young arms must take up the slack. 97-65.

Cleveland Indians — Getting Pete O'Brien from Texas will fill in the hole in the order between Joe Carter and Cory Snyder. Their only question mark is whether 30 save man Doug Jones will pitch this year after throwing his back out. If he doesn't, their history. 90-72.

Toronto Blue Jays — See George Bell throw another tantrum. See Dave Stieb throw another tantrum. See Jesse Barfield whiff 100 times. Hear Ernie Whitt's bones creak as he attempts catch another year. See Tom Henke and the rest of the bullpen do Bill Caudill impersonations. Sounds like last year. 86-76.



Detroit Tigers — Like usual. Sparky's gang will contend, but injuries will cast away any hope of another pennant. Sparky's hoping for Lou Whitaker to stay off the dance floor, Alan Trammell to stay off of the DL, and a pitching staff. 82-80.

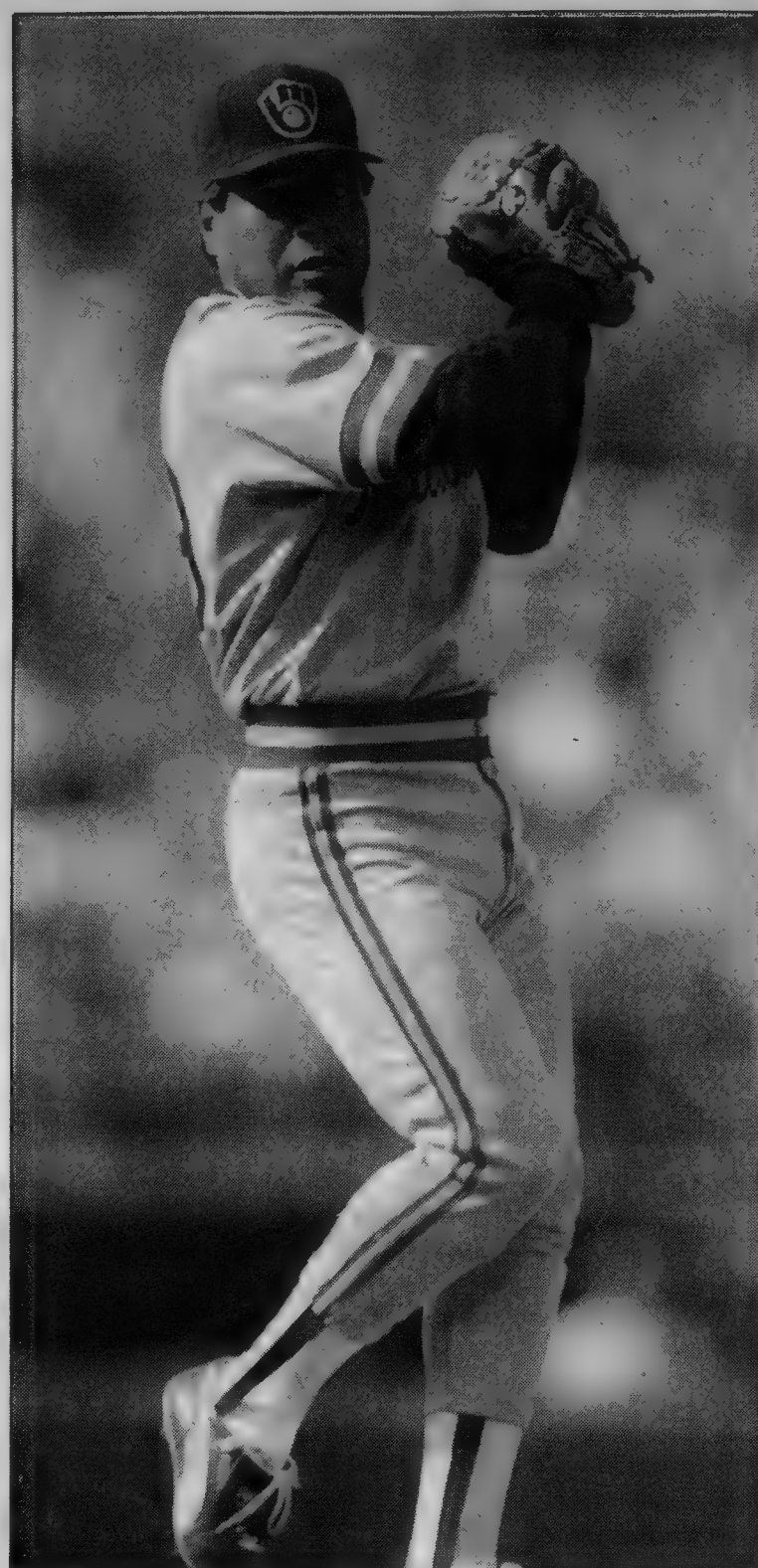
Boston Red Sox — If it weren't for their creaky old park, this bunch of sad sacks wouldn't even be mediocre. Even if they have Wade Boggs playing well (or at all) they might approach that illustrious level of mediocrity. I wonder if Boggs will catch the Rocket's red glare after another mental error? 70-92.

New York Yankees — They sign two junkballers for millions and their opening day starter will be 45 year old Tommy John. I remember when he lost the last game of the '81 World Series and he was ancient back then too. Dave Winfield on the DL should make good copy for his annual August feud with Herr Steinbrenner. 64-98.

Baltimore Orioles — A bunch of young guys that can't hit, pitch, or catch. Yet. They may play bad, but they'll try hard and have fun doing it. Their wild throwers should make for good fights on highlight films. 64-98.

AL West

Texas Rangers — Aging pitchers Nolan Ryan and Charlie Hough will work well with the young Bobby Witt and Ruben Sierra. Their off season trades for Rafael Palmeiro and Julio Franco will set the table for sluggers like Pete Incaviglia. First pennant



Ted Higuera's back could be a pain in the neck for the Brewers.

since they were the Senators. 101-61.

Minnesota Twins — I'll take Kirby and Kent inside the tent. But in the great outdoors, they fall on the floor. 95-67.

Oakland Athletics — Without John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd is forced to do sickly sweet comedies, or second banana roles. Without Jose Canseco and his milkshakes for a month, Mark McGwire will be like a sad sack comedian. The A's will have to settle for B-. 88-74.

Kansas City Royals — Bo, Brett, and the pitching staff could finish from first to fourth in this division. Only major gap is in the bullpen, where the ghost of Quisenberry still hangs out. No new Royal stopper: no new Royal pennant. It's as simple as that. 82-80.

Chicago White Sox — The division drops off quickly now. Outfield problems, infield problems and young starters make the boys from Comiskey wishing for the days of Joe Jackson and Eddie Cicotte. 74-88.

California Angels — The Angels, who have always built their club around free agents, are finally feeling the collusion pinch. Their farm system stinks, giving

no chance for Gene Autry to horde his money for the next big bat. Heck they lost on three free agents this winter despite throwing around the greenest cash. 70-92.

Seattle Mariners — The easiest pick in the majors. They always finish sixth or seventh and they never improve in the off-season. At least they got rid of Steve Balboni. 64-98.



Angels, M's and White Sox will be western cellar dwellers.

Kirby, Indians: cool — but not winners

by Ian Istvanffy
AL East

Toronto Blue Jays — Bad manager, overrated outfield but with their fine pitching staff, good defense, and the balance in the offence, they are still the class of this receding division. 91-71.

Milwaukee Brewers — You got to like a team named the Brewers — at least I do. Good overall talent, good manager. They're an up-and-coming team. 87-75.

New York Yankees — They look bad now, but a lot of their players are due to bounce back (Don Mattingly, Rickey Henderson). Not serious contenders, however. 83-79.

Cleveland Indians — When you play in the city with the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, you are bound to be second best in fan

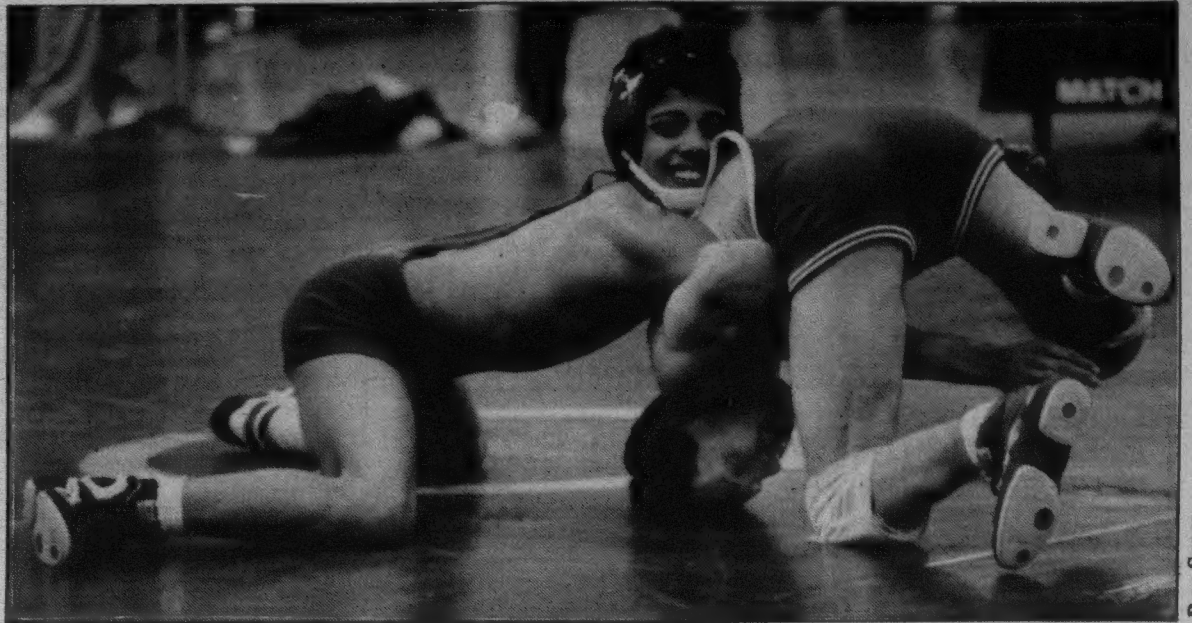
interest. They're still a very cool team to root for. 82-80.

Boston Red Sox — My childhood faves are about to fall on hard times — even if they get decent value for Boggs. 80-82.



Detroit Tigers — Their pitching is better than you might think but the offence is terrible. This is not a good sign in a hitters park. 76-86.

Baltimore Orioles — They will be better than last season but I guess that's like saying George Bush is smart compared to the



These two flyweights grappled for a national title last weekend at the Van Vliet Centre.

Ron Sears

guy he's following. 66-96.

AL West

Oakland Athletics — They are still the best team in this improving division. This year will be tougher haul for them though. 89-73.

Kansas City Royals — A National League type team playing in the American League. With a break or two, they could come through. 87-75.

Texas Rangers — Off season moves have helped (they picked up Palmeiro, Franco, and Ryan). They are close. Also, they are a well-named franchise: a sports rarity. 86-76.

Minnesota Twins — Kirby, Kirby Puckett, King of the North Woods. Next to James Brown (the godfather of soul) the coolest man alive. 83-79.

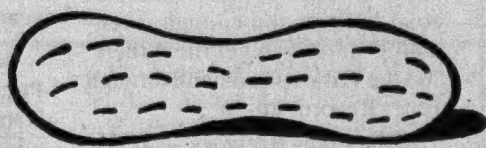
Chicago White Sox — The

south side deserves better. Let the Yuppies have the Cubs. 77-85.

Seattle Mariners — The worst major league city in the majors. A textbook example of why quality front office management is essential for winning pennants. 75-87.

California Angels — Bad, Bad, Bad. The farm team plays here in town but I think someone leached the soil. They play as badly as the "parent" team. Saving grace: a guy named Chili. 70-92.

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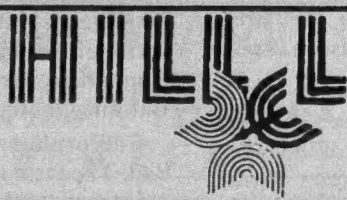
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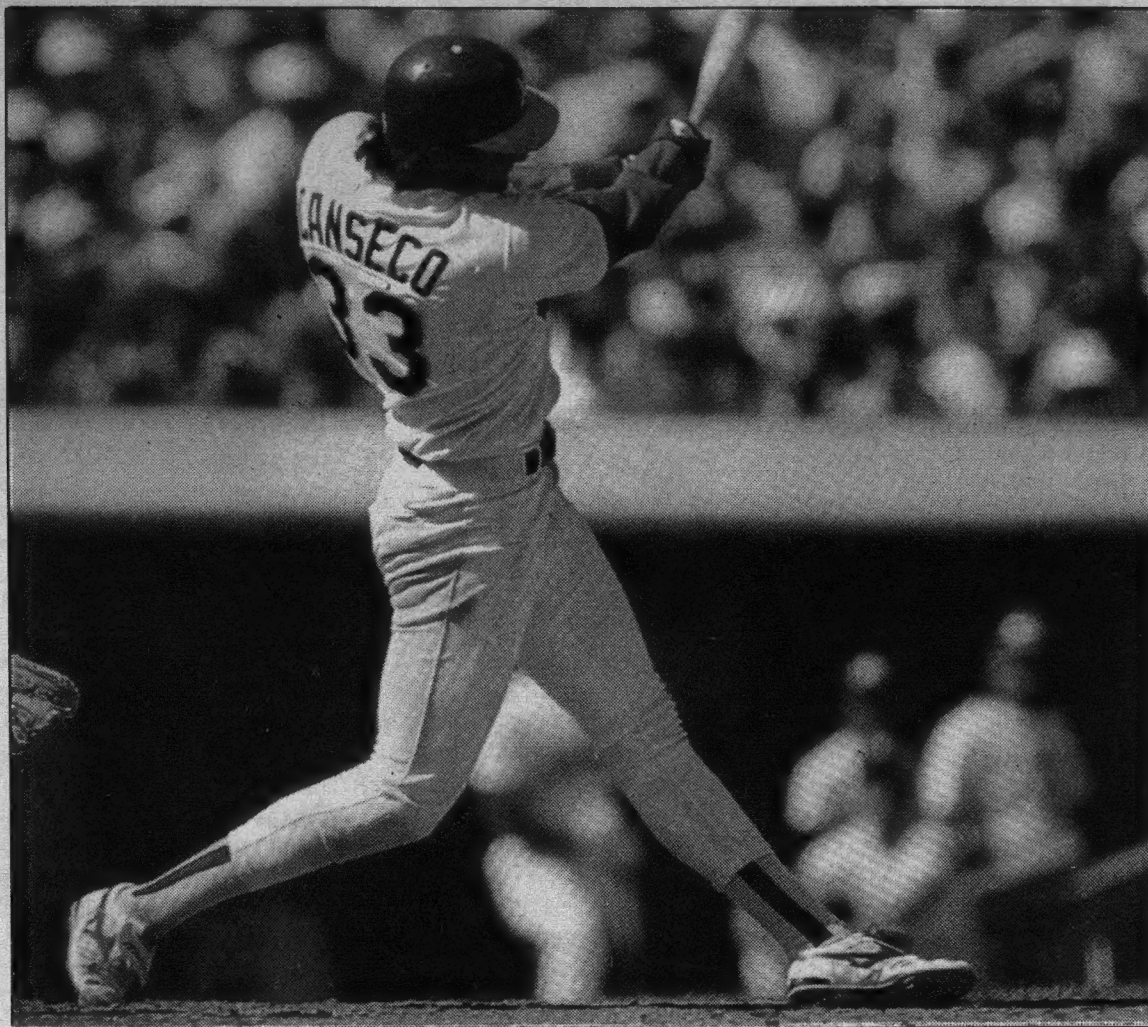
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Lordy, Lordy, McGriff will hit forty



The A's will miss Jose Canseco's powerful swing at the start of the year.

by Randal Smathers

AL East

Toronto Blue Jays — Lordy, Lordy, McGriff will hit forty. The pitching will finally catch up to the hitting on this club, and Key & Co. will lead the Jays to the promised land. Record: 100-62.

Boston Red Sox — Rocket Roger is good enough to contend by himself, and Rice, Greenwell, and friends don't hurt. Now if only Wade Boggs can keep it in his pants and his feet out of his larynx. Record: 90-72.

Cleveland Indians — Joe Carter will finally stop being Joe Who, despite the fact he plays in The Mistake by The Lake. A great bullpen and enough seven-inning starters to get them there, and the Tribe will contend through June. Record: 86-76.

Milwaukee Brewers — Teddy Higuera, the poor man's Fatnando Valenzuela, has had recent back surgery, which will hold the Ugliest Uniforms in the East back from contention for yet another season. Record: 82-80.

Detroit Tigers — Sparky's Gang were classic overachievers last year — and overachievers do notoriously bad at trying to repeat their efforts in the majors. Tin Man Brown and Keith Moreland make up for the loss of Luis Salazar, but who will replace Walt Terrell's 200+ innings. Record: 80-82.

New York Yankees — After a winter of "improving" their pitching staff — last year, they had the embarrassment of having 44 year old Tommy John pitch on Opening Day — the Yankees will have 45 year old Tommy John as their Opening Day starter. With Dave Winfield out for the first half, and closer Rags Righetti hurt, the Bronx Bombers should be three games out after three games, and then fade. Record: 70-92.

Baltimore Orioles — See the "Baby Birds" pitching staff. See the Baby Birds get shelled. See

the offence get worse without Eddie Murray. See the Baby Birds lose, and lose, and lose. Record: 59-103.

AL West

Oakland A's — It's time for the rest of this team to step up and prove they can with without Jose Canseco. If they're close — and they should be — when Jose comes back, the boost will put them over the top easily. Record: 94-68.

Texas Rangers — A sudden infusion of good young talent in the field will help. Nolan Ryan won't hurt. Bobby Valentine has this year to prove he can manage in Texas, or else. The combination will keep the Rangers close all year. Record: 92-66.

Minnesota Twins — Kirby Puckett is a power, but this team is stagnating since its World Series win. Jeff Reardon won't get the chance to save as many games this year, because the Twins won't be carrying those nice leads after seven or eight. Record: 88-74.

Kansas City Royals — If this

team finally puts Willie (Or Won't He) Wilson out to pasture, instead of out in center field, they'll do a lot better. Torment KC fans you know by mentioning Danny Jackson and David Cone in the same rotation as Mark Gubicza. It's fun, it's easy. Record: 83-79.

California Angels — As Trapper fans can attest, there's been a shortage of great pitchers to match the great hitters that percolated through the Angels farm system in the past few years. Their pennant hopes are riding on a wing (Jim Abbott's) and a prayer. Next year. Record: 77-85.

Seattle Mariners — Homer-dome West and a one-man rotation spells trouble. How do you spell relief?

Chicago White Sox — The only thing uglier than a Seattle fan's outlook is a Chisox fan's. When your team's hopes rest on Ron Kittle, you're in trouble. Toledo could put the boots to these bums. Records: 69-93 and 68-94 respectively.

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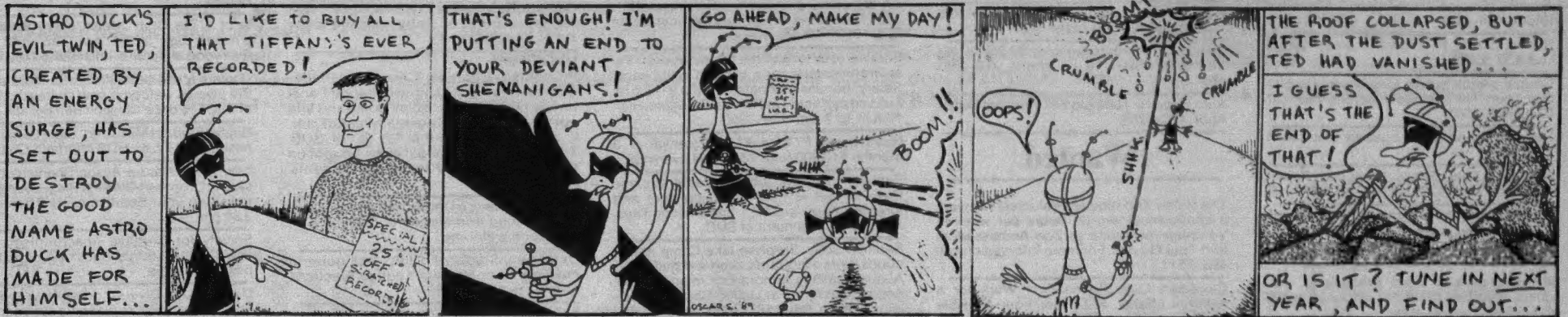
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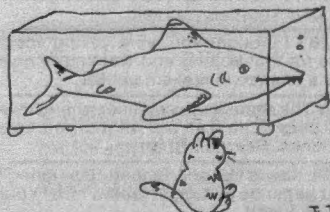
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Hypnotherapy - Counselling. Don't wait until it's too late. Learn to utilize your potentials, study, concentrate, improve memory, take exams, cope with stress, solve problems such as smoking, insomnia, obesity and more. Dr. Daniela Masek. #308, 8540 - 109 Street. 432-7233, 432-7130 (even).

Penpal Club!!! 200,000 members - all ages. Send SASE for details. International Pen Friends, Box 6261, Station "D", Calgary, Alberta T2P 2C8.

D. Thanks (for things imagined & things real). Have a nice summer. Give my regards to Brenda. Mr. Love Tractor.

2 birdlike U women: friends? Or foes going to hell? If friends like to offer drinks. P&T confidential. Norm.

Story-teller: what about Dostoevsky? Akademician C. Creamov.

R.N. TTh12-1.M12-1.2-3. Ring or come for your suitcase.

Footnotes

MARCH 29

Home Economic Students: Career and Placement Services is holding a free resume writing workshop from 5 - 8 p.m. in the Employer's Lounge on the 4th Flr. of SUB.

Attention Arts Students: Prepare for your upcoming interview by attending a free workshop. It will be held from 5 - 8 p.m. in the Resource Room on the 4th Flr. of SUB.

Assoc. for Bahai Studies: Baha'i Faith - Is unity so important? Informal discussions 7:30 p.m. #01A 8908 HUB 439-4083.

Campus Rec: April Fool's Tennis Co-Rec Intramurals. Deadline 1:00 p.m. today. Green Office. P.E. Bldg.

Campus Rec: Bookstore Basketball Tournament (April 3-6). Entry deadline today 1 p.m. Green Office.

MARCH 30

Psychology Students: Career and Placement Services is holding an Employer Panel on March 30 from 6 - 9 p.m. Come and find out what employers are really looking for. It will be held on the 4th flr. of SUB. Tickets are limited and may be bought on the 4th Flr. or at the Psychology Students' Assoc.

Political Science Undergrad Assoc: General meeting and elections. TB96. 3 p.m. Everyone welcome.

Ukrainian Students Club: last general meeting. 7 p.m. Heritage Lounge. Elections and Pizza and Pyvo.

Salvaide/Tools for Peace: Bob Whitney. El Salvador's Farabundo Marti Radio Station on roots of crisis in El Salvador. TB87.

Caribbean Students Assoc. Gen. meeting. Topic: Relationships: hard to find, hard to keep. Why? L'Express Overflow 5 p.m. All welcome.

MARCH 31

Campus Recreation: Intramural Awards Social 6:30 p.m. Lister Hall Banquet Room. Tickets \$5.00 available in Green or Gold Office.

Hillel: Symposium on religion and tolerance. Muslim, Christian and Jewish speakers. Tory 14-6.

APRIL 1

U of A Debate Society: Funspeak Tournament. 9:00 CAB. Costumes mandatory. Clown noses optional. Last one of the year - don't miss it!

High Frequency: A jam session at SUB 036 (12-6 p.m.) All musicians are welcome.

U of A Rowing Club: Car Rally. Register your car in CAB (\$8/person) and have a blast!

APRIL 3

U of A Student Liberals: General elections. 5 p.m. L'Express Overflow.

APRIL 4

Salvaide/Tools for Peace: Salvaide S. Teachers Committee on El Salvador. Situation in El Salvador and how we can help ordinary Salvadorans. 7:30 p.m. NFB Theatre, 9700 Jasper Ave.

APRIL 5

U of A Paleontology Club: last meeting until fall! Help plan summer events! Everyone welcome! SUB 032 6 p.m.

GENERALS

U of A Keep Fit Yoga Club: offers remedial exercise session for lower back. 6:30 p.m. - 6:50 p.m. 034 SUB. Thursdays. Expert instruction. Free.

U of A Chess Club meets every Saturday from 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. in L'Express Lounge. Contact 030D or Phone 462-2050. All Welcome.

Zoology Students Assoc: is offering memberships. See us at Bio Sci Z-106 for more details.

U of A Go Club: Meets every Wed. 7:00 p.m. and Sat. 12:30 p.m. Rm. 142 SUB. Everyone welcome! Info: 426-5716.

University of Alberta Wado-Kai Karate Club: We always welcome new students. Visit us at SUB 616 or call Joseph Rempel 488-4333.

Baptist Student Ministries: Bible Study Wednesdays at 1 p.m. HUB Interfaith Chapel.

Latin Amer. Canad. Assoc: Spanish conversation. Drop in at Old Arts Bldg. Lounge and polish up your Spanish every Thursday at 3:30 p.m.

Society for Creative Anachronism: Interested in the Middle Ages? Wednesdays 8 p.m. Dinwoodie.

U of A Scuba Divers: come get wet with the Scuba Divers. We're planning summer dives now. Interested? 6-20 SUB.

Campus Recreation has swim, jog, or walk programs. Sign up Green Office now! No Deadlines!

U of A Star Trek Club: Meetings every 2nd & 4th Wed. of the month. Earth Science 3-27. Mon. Info: 437-2416 or SUB 6-20.

Edmonton Chinese Christian Fellowship: Fellowship, Bible Study, Pot Luck, Games, Outing, Camping, Skits, Visitation, Music, SUB Meditation. Rm. 158A 7:30-11:30. All welcome.

Rugby Club: Monday and Thursday night training 7:30 Mondays. 6:30 Thursdays. In the Butterdome.

Aboriginal Student Council: General Meetings. Rm. 121 Athabasca Hall. Tuesdays p.m. Everyone welcome.

Amnesty International: Office Hours Mondays 1-4 p.m. Room 030N SUB.

IWC of Edmonton: University Women's Club \$1000 Scholarship for Women. Requirement: full-time graduate student. Applications 252 Athabasca.

"Spring" Sign Language Classes. May 8 - June 14. Non-credit. Introductory Level 1. \$70/person. Call Disabled Student Services @ 492-3381.

WANTED!!

STUDENT FOR SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

3rd or 4th Year Required

General Office Work and Computer Experience

Please apply in writing to:

Scott Thorkelson M.P.

Action Centre

8016 - 105 Street

Edmonton, Alta. T6E 4Z4

... THREE LINES FREE ...

Looking for friends of Kristy S. Please reply if you exist.

Claudio robbed! Yours was the slowest and smoothest by far. Too bad you had to pull out so soon! T.Z. Gang.

To sexy fashion goddess at Ereg I love how your hips sway at the Xerox. In need of servicing. In love PSNM.

TerrBear: last night's 2 on 1 was great... your gor-tex wasn't the only thing glowing! Squoosh, squoosh! 2 LP's.

Happy 19th, Farmboy Jim B. Just think... 1 more day and we could've officially called you a fool '88 VG's.

Lounging Lizards. Need balloons. Contact the Gidgets.

RossL. I'd like to talk as friends, without your friends around. Didn't mean to sound pushy. Call me Patricia.

John: Now they're planning the crime of the century. Well what will it be? I'm serious. Makit Faust.

Dear Jube: it's the end of the world as we know it, at least for L. Young. Let's meet soon. Girl on 39.

C.O. It's not all fun and games. Think about it. Improve yourself.

KP203 I thought you were saving some jello for me! Willing and wanting to give you a chance to make it up! BB.

Lisa. The sometimes swimmer where have you been? Life is all wet without you. Lets do lunch. Bearded Brian.

Ernie: how is that accounting class going? You better be getting at least a nine! Your failing friend.

Hey Banana: do your arms hurt yet? How is Flintstone? Don't forget your dinosaur! Mickey.

Hey Man, I could be friends with this Kristy S. chick... is she hard up or what?

Dean (Zoo 3250: Well, I never!!!! (Have you?!!?) LE.

Happy B-day Di!! 4 months equals 8 u know what's so hang in there bud! Love EM.

Rock/Biochem: met you at the R&C one Friday. Wanna try coffee again? Little under grad friend with brown eyes.

AntonQ: keep HQ quiet around skins, unless you're carrying Captain Crunch. Tell SharkeyQ to eat w/his hands!

Mistaken identity re:cloakroom! Guy in boxer shorts a lifesaver. Does this make him a Greek Guard? Ask SFG.

Barbski: you're such a doll... I'd love to practice AR/CPR on you! For more info call the April fool aka Don.

Hanya: happy birthday you gorgeous little holubchi you. Here's to 21 Die Bozies. Love Oleska.

Congratulations to the world champion young ladies curling champions... we're very proud of you ladies. JH.

To TB (the hack from hell): have you met my little sister?

Thumper: you name the date and time and I'll be there wiggling and jiggling. Jello-chick.

Stuart (Biochem sub): we like the way you fit into your genes. Wanna replicate?

You men who think women are pigs: you'll never screw us so screw off. Signed Us.

Psycho woman: sticky/outy or not, I'll always love you you beautiful! - 5 day vampire.

Nomi, I've seen you watching me in Hub Mall. Signed F.

To Bill the Science councillor: heard any rumors lately?

To Vitor: basically, we crave you. You helped us more than you'll ever know! Love the Do-o-Wop Girls.

BD: a look says it all (if you've seen the obvious) barricades fall using chicken salad philosophy. Mystery E.

Ladawn, Sandy, Cindy, Laurelle we like your style! World Champs of '89! Way to go Canada! Avid Fans.

To Janice, 4th Ed-ESL re Oliver Sch badminton call 424-9146 Thom.

Chip and Dale. Practice Makes Perfect from the Psycho Sisters.

To Cathy S With your long blonde hair, I want my H&C tape back. Your large friend Kent C.

Big4: B: bigotry I: impotence G: geek 4: 4 shit's sake. Grow up! Victory? I doubt it. Achmed = Black's Dead.

Korie-Lyn: I've admired you longingly for 4 years now: you're wonderful but I'm too goddamn shy. Reply please.

Fat imposter, flabby lobster, crampy wombat, map monster: she's out to get us! Terminate her! Victory!

Comrades: the ShagRuggis-luster is reading our comm. Suggest we use plan deflate imposter. Over.

To the Brown girl (stoma) in my classics 260 at 1100 MWF: I think you are very cute. (From the fair guy)

Chris: Happy 19th Birthday! You're attracting a certain breed with those muscles. Keep sweating.

To the girl in my Fam. St. 346 who is interested in the guy on Bus #152 - I am shy and would like to talk to you.

June-Lynn I can hardly wait till our lustful bodies meet again. Didn't know you could groan so loud - Luvbutt.


Dave O: wood like 2 C U and talk. Med Sci Lounge 2 p.m. Thurs. A small medium.

Mark and Jim??? We played a 4 min. cut-throat game back in '88. Remember? Wanting to play again. Reply Christine.

★ ENTERTAINMENT ★

"For the Best in Blues"

THIS WEEK AT THE PLANT

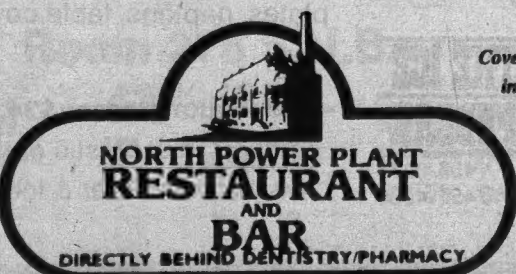


MARCH 30, 31 & APRIL 1

THE JAMES HARMAN BAND

APRIL 6, 7, 8

THE BURNERS



Cover Charge
in Effect

**NORTH POWER PLANT
RESTAURANT
AND
BAR**
DIRECTLY BEHIND DENTISTRY/PHARMACY

EVERYBODY WELCOME NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED